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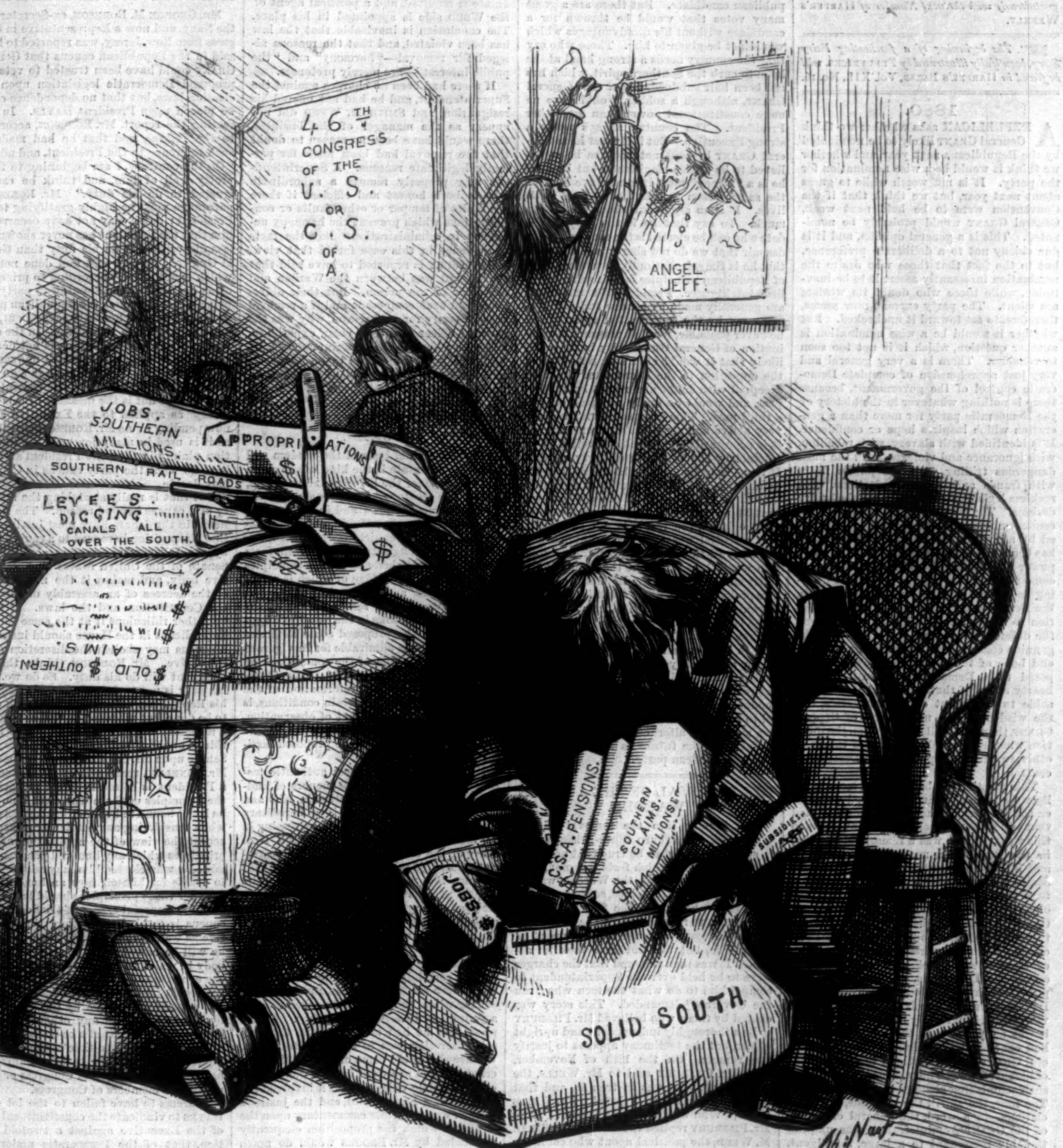
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 19, 1879.

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1880.

A REPUBLICAN asks whether we think General Grant likely to be nominated by the Republicans next year, and whether we think it would be a wise nomination for the party. It is not worth while to guess about next year, but we think that if the Convention were to be held next week, General Grant would probably be nominated. This is a general opinion, and it is due chiefly not to a deliberate preference, but to the fact that those who desire the nomination incessantly assert it to be inevitable, while those who doubt its wisdom are silent. The party current now seems, therefore, to set toward it unchecked. But whether it would be a wise nomination is another question, which it is not too soon to consider. There is a very general and very just apprehension of complete Democratic control of the government, because there is nothing whatever in the history of the Democratic party for more than a generation which inspires hope or confidence. It is identified with slavery, with rebellion, with ignorance and violence, with the most dangerous trifling with the public faith, with frauds and terror in elections, with reckless legislation, and with revolutionary designs. The prospect of its complete ascendency involves risks that are to be avoided by all reasonable means. This feeling has become constantly stronger as the party power has increased, and its spirit has become more plainly visible. Without denying individual patriotism and character in the Democratic party, and with no disposition to exasperate the feelings or prolong the differences growing out of the war, the genuine conservatism which is the strength and hope of the country is inexorably opposed to a Democratic restoration. The hearty union of that sentiment is indispensable to the defeat of the Democrats, and the wisdom of the nomination of General Grant, therefore, will depend upon the question whether it would tend, more than any other, to unite the opposition to Democratic control.

This question can be answered more intelligently by asking another, namely, whether the Grant Administration consolidated that opposition. Facts are not favorable to this view. There was a remarkable decline in the Republican majorities in Congress and in the representation of the Northern States between 1868 and 1876. According to a recent table in the *Tribune*, from the eight great Northern States, when General Grant became President, there were ninety-three Republicans and twenty-seven Democrats; when he retired from the Presidency there were fifty-eight Republicans and eighty-one Democrats. Moreover, the Republicans barely elected his successor. Mr. Hayes failed to receive the independent vote, which is naturally Republican, because it was supposed that the influences which had controlled the Administration of General Grant would continue to control that of his successor. The reasons that produced such astonishing changes are still operative. The tone, the spirit, the methods, the associations—in a word, the general character of the Grant Administration was unquestionably repugnant to a large, intelligent, patriotic, and conscientious class of citizens whose political sympathies are Republican. This is a very irritating class to the regular politician. Those who compose it are reviled as snivelling pretenders, as impracticable and visionary fools of the most condemned kind. But unhappily they have a great many votes, and they will not cast them for regular candidates merely because they are regular candidates. Now the renomination of General Grant would signify to this class, and to all Republicans who acquiesced in his Administration without heartily supporting it, merely a desperate return to a situation of which they are not proud. The important question, then, is whether the fear of Democratic success would reconcile all these classes to a third Grant term. All that can be said in reply is that they would probably accept it as an alternative. But is it wise to make a nomination which would compel the party constantly to explain and defend, and to argue that the candidate had undoubtedly changed his views of many men and things, and that there was no reason to suppose that what had been would be again?

The Republican candidate should be acceptable to every element of the opposition to the Democracy, but he need not be the one Republican who has been most objectionable to a large body of that opposition. There is not a vote that would be cast for General Grant which is not sure for any other Republican candidate. But there are a great many votes that would be thrown for a candidate without his disadvantages which would not be given to him. Those who say that the country needs a strong hand at the helm to curb the Southern spirit, which has not been half subdued, forget that General Grant, although a soldier, would have no more constitutional power than any other President. The country always needs a strong Executive. But if it must have General Grant in 1880, not because he is believed to be a wise magistrate, but because he is a "strong" man, it must have him for the same reason in 1884, and as long as he lives. It is an argument which proves too much. To say that he is the only candidate who can be elected is the confession of a despair that we do not share; and to assert that he is the sole distinctive representative of Republican principles is to insult Republican intelligence. Presidential nominations are generally made by chance and management, not by the sentiment of a party, and however probable, for that reason, the nomination of General Grant may be, it seems likely that it would chill a sincere part of the oppostion to the Democrats, would be accepted with doubt and regret by another part, and would be really welcome only to a third part. This last part is undoubtedly very active and strong in Conventions, but it is necessarily somewhat controlled in its conduct by the condition of party opinion. If those only are heard who think that the nomination of General Grant is desirable, he will be nominated. If those who think that its wisdom may be questioned express their opinion, the result is not so certain. The essential question for Republicans is whether, all things considered, the nomination would best represent the strength and spirit and purpose of the Republican party. The probable Democratic spirit is plain, and it would be disastrous. The Democratic impulse is to revise and repeal, so far as practicable, all that the Republicans have done, and to re-open all old questions. Democratic ascendency premises continual disturbance and excitement, when the country desires tranquillity. To prevent this ascendency there must be the frankest counsel to secure the nomination of a candidate not as a mere alternative, but as a representative of the future as well as the past of the Republican party.

THE REMOVAL OF THE AUBURN WARDEN.

The inquiry into the removal of the Warden of the Auburn State-Prison seems to show the report to be true that notwithstanding the law which forbids removal for mere political reasons, the Warden was so removed. Some time since, serious charges against Mr. Pilsbury, the Superintendent of Prisons, were laid before the Governor. There was great surprise upon the part of the public, but the Governor took no action. It was then rumored that the charges were to be held over the Superintendent to compel him to do what the men who "ran the Governor" demanded. This story was denied by those who believed Mr. Pilsbury to be a thoroughly independent and upright officer, but the testimony appears to justify the rumors. On the 16th of November, 1878, Mr. Pilsbury said to Mr. Wells, the Warden, that he was in trouble, and that "they want Auburn Prison." Mr. Wells asked, "Who wants Auburn Prison?" And Mr. Pilsbury replied that "Weed"—Smith M. Weed, the political agent who confesses that he tried to buy the Electoral Board of South Carolina—"notified me that I must have your resignation." Weed further said that the Governor and Comptroller had authorized him to speak for them. Mr. Wells declined to resign. On the 19th of November Mr. Pilsbury wrote to Mr. Wells that he had not the least fault to find with his official conduct; but "for the sake of harmony," and "because others have become firmly convinced that" a change ought to be made, he requests the resignation. Mr. Wells still declined to resign, and on the 25th of November Mr. Pilsbury removed him, and appointed in his place Mr. Moses, the editor of a Democratic newspaper, and a member of the Democratic State Committee, whose vote had been given to secure in the committee the ascendency of Mr. Tilden's, the Governor's, and Mr. Weed's faction in the Democratic party.

This is a sorry business. Mr. Pilsbury was made Superintendent of Prisons under the public conviction that he would not prostitute his authority to wretched political squabbles. The law expressly requires that removals shall not be made for political reasons. But charges are laid against him. He offers his resignation, and it is held in suspense while the most notorious political agent in the State, asserting the authority of the Governor, with whom he is known to be on intimate relations, demands the removal of a subordinate. The subordinate is removed, and a political agent of the Weed side is appointed in his place. The conclusion is inevitable that the law has been violated, and that the reasons alleged for removal—"harmony" and "the public interest"—are merely pretenses.

If there had been no charges against the Superintendent, and he had not offered his resignation, and Smith M. Weed did not appear as the manager of the business, there would have been no reason to doubt that the removal had been made for perfectly legitimate reasons. A Superintendent may properly remove a subordinate who is both honest and efficient if there are faults of temper or other faults or considerations which prevent the harmony necessary in administration. But the facts in evidence in this case forbid that view. Mr. Pilsbury is reported to have said that the discord was between the Warden and the clerk of the prison. But their differences had been composed; and if a removal was necessary for that reason, why was the superior officer of fifteen years' experience, and with whom, as the Superintendent said, "not the least fault" was to be found, selected for removal instead of the subordinate? It is a very painful affair.

THE REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN.

One of the chief tests of the wisdom and humanity of a state is the kind of provision that it makes for the helpless and suffering, and for the treatment of criminals of every class. In recent times and in every civilized country the care of criminals and paupers has been the subject of the most intelligent and thorough study, and certain facts have been established and certain principles developed, the knowledge of which is essential to a wise and economical penal and pauper system. The recent speech of the Hon. Erastus Brooks in the New York Legislature upon the proposed State Reformatory for Women is admirable for its vigorous presentation of some of the conclusions of experience upon this subject. The theme of his speech was that reformation of the criminal classes, under certain conditions, is possible, and from this fact of observation, and not from a mere humane feeling, he drew a forcible plea for the proposed institution.

Mr. Brooks showed from authentic testimony the appalling consequences of huddling men and women together in jails and poor-houses. The result is a hereditary class of criminals and paupers, increasing in an alarming ratio. He cited facts from many of the counties of the State illustrating the existence of the conditions that produce this result, and stated that while 100,000 persons are sentenced to the common jails every year, it is quite possible to reform seventy or seventy-five per cent. of the number if reasonable and tested means are adopted. When a young woman is sentenced to the poor-house or the jail, she is almost certainly sentenced to destruction. We know a recent case in Mr. Brooks's own county where the justice was asked to send a young girl to some reformatory. He replied that he had no power, and that his sole discretion was to send her to prison, whence she would come out infinitely more criminal than she went in. It was a little case in a little village. But it involved the welfare of a human soul, and the justice's remark was a terrible commentary upon the situation which the proposition eloquently advocated by Mr. Brooks would do much to remedy.

The plan is to provide an institution for the reform of a class of women who have been gradually becoming worse, but who are entirely capable of reform. They are to be chiefly under the care and control of women, and such institutions in Indiana and in Massachusetts "have proved a great blessing." Mr. Brooks cited the Crofton system in England and Ireland, which is based upon the most complete observation of crime and criminals, and whose results have been most striking in the reform and reclamation of the criminal classes. During the seven years from 1856 to 1862, of 510 female convicts who were licensed, only twenty-one had their license revoked for misconduct, and only four of the whole number were reconvicted, or less than one in a hundred. The bill introduced by Mr. Brooks, and passed with unanimity in the Assembly, was drawn and quartered in the Senate, and defeated by the want of a vote of two-thirds. But Mr. Pomeroy has moved a reconsideration, and we trust that at least a bill may be passed authorizing inquiry into a proper site for such an institution, and committing it to such hands and under such conditions that there may be no suspicion of any object but that of an honest inquiry by honest friends of the wise and economical measure.

THE DUTY OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. George M. Robeson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and now a Representative in Congress from New Jersey, was reported to have said in the Republican caucus that General Grant could have been trusted to veto the proposed Democratic legislation upon the election laws, but that no dependence could be placed upon President Hayes. In correcting the report, Mr. Robeson, according to the *Tribune*, said that he had made no such reference to the President, and added: "On the contrary, I am beginning to think pretty well of him, and think he can be trusted to do his duty." Mr. Robeson's patronage must be highly gratifying to the President; but it may not have occurred to him that the President has never shown any less disposition to do his duty than General Grant. He has said and done nothing which is not strictly according to principles often declared by the Republican party, and principles upon which the Republican party, so far as they are honestly carried out, may hope for success in the future. In the question now at issue, and which is not decided as we write, the President will unquestionably do his duty, whether it be to sign or to veto the measures that may be presented to him. For what is the meaning of this word "duty" as applied to the Executive action now pending? As Mr. Robeson uses it, and as it is used in many journals, the implication plainly is that the President's "duty" is to do what the party caucus in Congress may decide.

But that is really stretching the authority of a caucus beyond reason. The Republicans in the Senate have most justly shown that the position in regard to a caucus taken by the Democratic Senators abolishes the Senate of the United States as a deliberative body, and makes it the mere register of the decrees of an assembly unknown to the Constitution and the laws. It would be rather ridiculous if at the same time the Republicans in the House should insist that a caucus may abolish the discretion of the Executive. Mr. Robeson thinks that the President will do his duty. So do we. But his duty is not to do what Mr. Robeson and his Republican colleagues may think ought to be done, but what he himself, acting upon a responsibility quite as important as theirs, thinks ought to be done. In a speech in the Senate upon Mr. Beck's original proposition, Mr. Conkling remarked, in substance, that a President is bound in honor to carry out the principles of those who elect him. But he is not bound in honor or in common-sense, when considering any particular measure, to accept the view of the application of those principles which any hundred persons of the millions who elected him may adopt. He is to decide for himself how an honorable regard for those principles should lead him to act in any special case. If the decision of a caucus is to bind the action of the Executive as well as that of members of Congress, he will be bound not only by the vote of a body in which he has no representation, but the constitutional function of the Executive will be destroyed. That function is doubtless as well understood by the President as by Mr. Robeson or any other member of Congress. It is that of a co-ordinate branch of the government to take action under the highest responsibility to the country, and not under the coercion of Congress or of any number of members of Congress.

It seems to have fallen to the lot of Mr. Hayes to vindicate the constitutional rights of the Executive against a twofold dictation, that of the Democratic majority in Congress on the one hand, and that of his party friends in Congress on the other. We have already expressed our opinion upon the revolutionary character of the first of these dictations, the Democratic threat made by Mr. Beck that if the President did not sign certain bills, the appropriations for carrying on the government should be refused. This is naked revolution. It makes the discharge of a constitutional duty the pretext for disorganizing the government. On the other hand, the interpretation of the President's "duty" as presented by Mr. Robeson, although not revolutionary, is subversive of the independence of the Executive. It is not the duty of the President to refuse his assent to the repeal of a law, even when attached to an appropriation bill, if he thinks the law ought to be repealed, and if the bill be not offered to him under a menace. Such legislation may be unwise, but there are ample precedents for it. The vital point of this controversy is not the attachment of the repeal to the appropriation bill, but it is the threat to refuse provision for the government if the bill be not signed. If a party caucus or the party press insist, under a threat of party excommunication, that the President shall not sign a repeal which he approves because it is attached to an appropriation bill, it is a mere injustice; and to declare that such refusal is required by the principles of the party is nonsensical. When and where has the Republican party laid down the principle that legislation shall not be attached to appropriation bills? And when and where has the President shown that he is less jealous of the constitutional rights of the Executive than any Senator or Representative in Congress, or any other Republican? By no law of honor or of morals is the President bound to regard the wishes of a party caucus as the rule of his duty. His principles are Republican, but he must be the judge how they are to be applied to practical measures.

CHEAP DEMAGOGUERY.

The Democratic party has furnished few more foolish leaders to the Senate than Mr. Beck, of Kentucky. Mr. Hoar made an unanswerable reply to Mr. Thurman's citation of English precedents of refusing supplies, in the course of which he forcibly and comprehensively described Mr. Beck's scheme as one that "strikes from the Constitution the veto power of the President, and compels the Senate to register the decrees of the House, and vests in the House the Executive powers as they are now vested in the House of Commons, in England, as the price of the continuance of the government."

Unable to say a word in reply, Mr. Beck contented himself with asserting that Mr. Hoar's speech attacked Mr. Thurman behind his back, because Mr. Hoar knew him to be sick; and Mr. Beck then added, in a strain worthy a corner grocery:

> "In the mean time this resolution has been thrown in by the stalwart Republicans simply for the purpose of stiffening the President in his reported threat (and it is an indecent threat if he made it) that he would veto legislation that has not been laid before him. General Grant, in 1874, said no President could intimate that he would do such a thing in advance, and that as a member of Congress he would resent it, because it was indecent to do it. It will be time enough for him when the bills are sent to him, and for his friends, to threaten us with vetoes. They can withhold their threats for a few days without detriment to the public interest."

This is the cheapest kind of demagoguery. Mr. Beck asserts that if the President has done what Mr. Beck knows he has not done, he has been guilty of an indecency, and he had better stop threatening vetoes, which Mr. Beck knows that he has not threatened. The indecency is certainly not the President's.

THE FREE-WHISKEY ARGUMENT.

In the Minnesota House of Representatives Dr. Riley recently opposed a bill which threatened the dram-shops. The report says that his speech so covered the bill with ridicule as to endanger its passage, but the peril was averted by other speakers. Dr. Riley, who, it seems, is a small man, began by saying that the bill would kill an honorable and legitimate industry—grape-raising. He then cited the miracle of Cana, and proceeded:

> "Now let us consider whiskey and alcohol—that good old American drink. [Laughter.] I was born in Southern Illinois several years ago. My father before me was a distiller, and almost the first thing that my eyes rested on after I was born was a still. My father never sat down to dinner without a bottle of whiskey on the table, and we all drank it. Ever since I can remember I have been in the habit of taking a drink of whiskey, wine, or beer every day. If I have skipped a day, I have forgotten it. [Laughter.] They say that whiskey kills men and bloats them. It hasn't killed me, and I ask any member of the House to say if he thinks it has bloated me. [Great laughter.] I don't look bloated. [Renewed merriment.] I am a physician, and I have no hesitancy in saying that whiskey is the most vitalizing of stimulants. When a man receives injuries, the first thing a physician does is to give him a little whiskey for the purpose of putting his blood in circulation. Perhaps it may be necessary to pass a law to protect those miserable drunkards who can not protect themselves, but it is not necessary to restrain others of their liberty to take a drink when they want or need it. Temperance may be a good thing, but it should not be carried too far. This bill reminds me of the man who was in the habit of getting drunk every night. When he had got comfortably full he would try to mount his horse, exclaiming as he did so, 'God help me!' But one night he was not as drunk as usual, and miscalculated his distance, falling on the opposite side of the horse, when he added to his prayer, 'But not quite so much.' [Great laughter.] These God-and-humanity people had better take care. They will be helping us too much.
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> "Why, I have seen ladies at a tea party, perhaps not drunk, but certainly very jolly, from drinking tea. And yet they come to this Legislature with petitions signed by all whom they could influence or bulldoze into signing it—men, women, and children, to the number of 10,000. I haven't counted them, and don't know how correct the figures are; but supposing there are that number, what does it amount to? There are 800,000 people in Minnesota, and we are proposing to let these 10,000 override the other 790,000. How long do you suppose this large majority will permit this to go on? How long will they stand dictation from the minority? Not very long, I can tell you....
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> "The prohibitionists claim that drinking tends to impoverish the people. For God's sake, do you believe that? Look at the Germans. Many of them take a piece of land which would scarcely support a hog, and make a fortune off it. [Laughter.] They all drink beer. They take their wives and their children to the beer garden and sit down and drink their beer every day, and even the babe in arms will stretch out to get a taste of it. These people are not impoverished by it. These people are so healthy in my neighborhood that I have actually not been able to make a living out of my German constituents, and I have been obliged to run for the Legislature in order to get money enough to buy bread. [Great laughter.]
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> "They say, too, it tends to the degeneracy of the human race. How does it happen that in New England, where prohibitory laws are in force, the race had so degenerated that they don't seem to be able to raise any children? There the families don't average one child apiece. [Laughter.] Look at the Irish, who drink whiskey all the time. You will find seven children in every Irishman's shanty in the country. [Laughter.] That's the effect of drinking whiskey. Look at the Germans, who drink beer all the while. You will find a large family of children in every German's house. Are they degenerate? The children of total abstinence people are constantly dying. From the vital statistics of Minnesota I learn that over 2000 children died last year under two years of age. They would not have died if they had been fed on good wholesome beer. I would advise mothers—and have advised them in my practice—to give their sickly children plenty of beer and whiskey pap [great laughter], and know I have saved many an infant's life. Beer is the best cure for dyspepsia in the world. I have cured women of the terrible disease by advising them to drink three glasses of beer every day, and I say to you mothers who are here that if you will drink beer and whiskey, and feed your children on whiskey pap, you will raise more children and healthier children. [Great laughter.]
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> "Referring to the vital statistics of the State, I find that but six men died of intemperance during last year—two of delirium tremens and four of something else, which they couldn't tell any thing about, and so called it intemperance. And yet you want to stop drinking. Eleven were killed by horses during the same time. Why don't you abolish horses—never use them or go near them? Thirty-five committed suicide. Why don't you prohibit the use of fire-arms, knives, and drain all your lakes and rivers for fear some poor fool will drown himself? Some 152 died of heart-disease. I don't want any heart in mine. Twenty ladies were scalded to death. You ought to prohibit the use of hot water for fear that more ladies will get into it and perish. [Laughter.]
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> "England, away across the sea, has brewed beer for 2000 years, and will continue to brew it for 2000 more, and to the fact that the English people have drank beer all that time I attribute her present greatness—the fact that the sun never sets on her dominions. Beer-drinkers are slow but sure. Look at Germany, that great nation. We couldn't pay her for the money we have borrowed of her. Her great army, the finest in the world, was raised on beer. In America, where we drink all kinds of liquors, we are the greatest nation in the world. If injury is done, the wine is not to blame, but the poor devils who don't know enough to take care of themselves. It is good sense to give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts." [Laughter and applause.]

These are the common free-whiskey arguments put in a popular, rough-and-ready way. The answers to them are the next drunkard that you meet, and his family; the records of crime and misery, of the State-prison, the county jail, and the poor-house; the ruin, disgrace, and despair of hundreds of thousands of men and women. If the state may prohibit the cruel exposure of children upon a trapeze, it may surely defend itself against the enormous taxation that results from free dram-selling.

PERSONAL.

A few years ago the Rev. E. C. Curtis, the financial agent of Syracuse University, after delivering an educational address at Liverpool, New York, was met by Mrs. Sophronia Morehouse, of that village, who expressed her interest in the subject, and arranged to make a donation of $30,000 to the university. Soon after making the subscription she paid $5000 of the amount to the institution, the interest of which was to aid young men preparing for the ministry. Within a few days Mrs. Morehouse has transferred to the university bonds, mortgages, and other securities to the amount of $25,000. The interest on this latter sum is to be paid to the giver during her lifetime, and at her decease will be applied to the endowment of a professorship in the university.

—A French celebrity, M. Reinart, has just died in his native town of Longueville, leaving a fortune of several millions of francs, for which he was indebted to services rendered to Prince Louis Napoleon during his sojourn in Switzerland. After succeeding to the throne, Napoleon III. remembered the man who had been so useful to him, and gave him the contract for furnishing beer to the French army.

—The late Henry J. Williams, of Philadelphia, whose will has just been admitted to probate, left eight acres of ground near Chestnut Hill, with suitable buildings thereon, and an endowment of $30,000, to found a Home for Destitute Children.

—The Boston *Transcript* gives this bit of personal history: During the rebellion the Law School at Cambridge was taught by Professors Parsons, Parker, and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion. Professor Parker was one day asked: "How do you get along on politics at the Law School?" "Nicely," he answered; "we are equally divided." "But how can that be?" continued the inquirer: "there are three of you." "Easy enough," replied the professor; "Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—he speaks on one side and votes on the other."

—While present at the Froude dinner, when the English historian last visited this country, some friends congratulated Mr. Emerson on his hearty condition. But he was not in a mood to see the brighter side of life, for it was just after his house and library had been burned. His reply afforded much quiet amusement to his friends. "Misfortunes are coming upon me. I have lost my money, I have lost my house, and now I am losing my hair!"

—James Russell Lowell saw the point of a response at Rome when accosted there by a mendicant monk, who asked for a contribution to repair a monastery. "You should not ask me for aid," said Lowell, in choice Tuscan, "for I am a heretic." "That makes no difference," replied the astute friar; "your money is orthodox." The witty reply secured the desiderated cash.

—There are in the Episcopal Church in the United States four pastors who have never changed their parishes, and who have passed their fiftieth year of service. They are Rev. Dr. Brown, of Newburgh, New York, Rev. Dr. Mead, of Norwalk, Connecticut, Rev. Dr. Edson, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and Rev. Dr. Shelton, of Buffalo, New York.

—Cardinal Newman is well known among his intimates as a good musician, playing with skill and taste on the violin and violoncello. Once he was challenged by an eminent Methodist divine to discuss the merits of their faiths in the Birmingham Town-hall. He declined, but said he would "play the violin against him."

—Sir Richard Wallace, who has already done so much for Paris, has made an additional gift of ten new fountains, to be erected against the walls in different parts of the city, thus affording a constant supply of filtered water to the poorer people in the vicinity of each.

—Governor Vance, of North Carolina, who has just come into the Senate, is said to be a gentleman of fine education, high character, a good debater, and a shrewd politician. He will, moreover, be a decided acquisition to the Senate for his keen sense of humor and his rare talent as a story-teller. In this latter particular he is the best that North Carolina has produced.

—Ann Webster has just died in England, at the age of eighty-four. She was the last descendant of John Bunyan.

—A son of Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, is one of the beleaguered garrison at Ekowe, in Zuzuland.

—The late Henry W. Hook, a wealthy Philadelphia manufacturer, has left to the people of Baltimore for a public park 121 acres of land in an excellent situation for the purpose, and beautifully wooded in part. The only condition is that the city shall keep the family grave-yard on the place and the testator's own tomb in good preservation.

—President Angell says that one of the mathematicians of Michigan University, known all over the world, never went to school but six weeks, and while the oxen were resting at noon did his first mathematical work upon a ploughshare with a piece of chalk.

—Mr. Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") is passing his time very pleasantly in London, occupied in agreeable and profitable literary work. His letters to Colonel Forney's *Progress* are quite bright and entertaining. He is writing a serial novel, "Ebenezer," in *Temple Bar*, which is a great success. He is also writing *A Life of Abraham Lincoln* for the new "Plutarch Series," published by Marcus Ward & Co. A greater work than either of these, however, he has just planned, and fortunately found an enthusiastic publisher to execute. This is a series of art and artisan primers, under the general title of "Profitable Work for All Classes." The object of this series is to introduce the practical study of artistic design in as many mechanical departments as possible.

—The estate of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut, has been valued at $1,125,000, of which amount the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will receive $967,639, and Yale and Amherst colleges each $25,000.

—William Howitt, who was unusually strong and well all winter, died of bronchial catarrh, the result of a heavy cold taken when caught out-of-doors in a sudden rain.

—M. Jules Renard, the French Communist, whose work on the poetry of science has just been crowned by the Academy, was secretary to the ill-fated officer Rossel, who, in spite of the many efforts to save him, was shot at Satory by order of the committee presided over by M. Martel, now President of the Senate. M. Jules Renard has never ceased to defend the memory of his friend, who had nothing to say to the burnings and massacres of the Commune, and who, in fact, resigned his post as War Minister after holding it for about a fortnight.

—The venerable poet Whittier has been suffering from a very severe cold, but is now recovering, and is able to travel short distances.

—Of the late Elihu Burritt's works the Providence *Press* says that he "intended to leave all his copyrights, his manuscripts, his library, and his literary remains with a professor of Brown University, on condition that the latter should edit such manuscripts and republish such books as might be expedient, annotating and correcting them up to date. The offer was declined, the learned philologist being unwilling to risk his reputation on Mr. Burritt's publications."

—M. Jules Grévy has no family coat of arms. As his predecessor used the colors of his house, the question is agitated whether the new President may not adopt as his most fitting emblem the badge of France. Since his installation M. Grévy has received the order of the Legion of Honor. His title has ever been that of an honest man. On the occasion of his election Imperialists, Bourbons, and Republicans gave him his meed of praise.

—Another explorer has crossed the "dark continent." Pinto, an enterprising Portuguese scientist, started from the coast in October, 1877, with 400 followers, only eight of whom survived the privations and hardships of the journey and the struggles with the natives. In a communication to the Portuguese government, Pinto says: "In concluding my journey across Africa, I struggled with hunger, thirst, the natives, floods, and drought. I have saved all my papers—twenty geographical charts, many topographical maps, three volumes of notes, meteorological studies, drawings, and a diary of the complete exploration of the Upper Zambesi with its seventy-two cataracts."

—William Dawson is the name of a poor Quaker shoe-maker in Spiceland, Indiana, who is an excellent astronomer, who has made his own telescope, constructed his own observatory, and for twenty years has furnished the Smithsonian Institution and the Meteorological Bureau with valuable statistics and observations.

—Mr. George B. Du Maurier, the most delicate and charming of social caricaturists, whose sketches in *Punch* will be remembered as long as *Punch* itself lives, is now a man of forty-five. He was educated in Paris, then studied chemistry in England, and after that became an artist and a pupil of Gleyre.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says that Mr. Longfellow, at the present writing, "is rather short and slender, and betokens a sensitive fibre in every movement. His hair and beard are white, with here and there a tinge of light brown remaining. A bald 'peak' runs back from his forehead on each side. His face is bright with interest despite the folds in his cheeks. His complexion is clear and red, and indicates good health. His snowy eyebrows are slightly arched, and his bright blue eyes beam with expression constantly. His beard is not as long and abundant as Bryant's was, but, though full, follows and preserves the lines of his face."

—Mr. George H. Boughton, whom Americans are glad to claim as a countryman, is nevertheless a native Englishman. He was born in England in 1834, but was brought to this country by his parents when he was three years old. They lived in Albany, where, without masters, he began the study of art, and opened his first studio when he was only sixteen years old. He sold one of his earliest works to the American Art Union, and with its price went to London to study further. He returned to America in a short time, and lived for two years in this city. Then he went to Paris to study, and since 1861 has lived in London.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 1st inst., passed Mr. Harris's bill for the construction of a refrigerating vessel to be used for the disinfection of ships and cargoes coming from yellow fever ports. The Legislative Appropriation Bill, amounting to over $15,000,000, was reported in the House. It is substantially in the form that it assumed last session, as far as appropriations are concerned, and contains the political amendments, both as to jurors' oaths and the election laws, which were agreed upon by the Democratic caucus. A new clause is inserted in the jury law, as follows: "All jurors, grand and petty, shall be publicly drawn from a box containing the names of not less than 300 persons possessing the necessary qualifications, which names shall have been placed therein by the clerk of the court and a commissioner, to be appointed by the judge, which commissioner shall be a citizen residing in the district, and shall be a well-known member of the principal political party opposing that to which the clerk shall belong."—The House, on the 28th ult., reached the clause of the Army Bill forbidding the use of troops at the polls. The Republicans objected to it on the ground that it was not germane to the bill, and would not retrench expenditures. A debate followed, which extended through the week.

The Rhode Island State election was held on the 2d inst. The Republicans re-elected the present officers. Governor Van Zandt's majority is 3865—a gain of 600 over last year.—In Wisconsin, on the 1st, an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court was elected; Orasmus Cole (Republican) was chosen by about 5000 majority.

The New York State Assembly, on the 2d inst., by a vote of 91 to 17, passed Mr. Skinner's amendment to the Constitution providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature.

Governor Marks, of Tennessee, on the 31st ult., signed the bill providing for the settlement of the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar and four per cent. interest.

The Board of Inquiry in the case of General Fitz-John Porter has made a report exonerating him, and recommending his restoration to the army.

FOREIGN NEWS.

No direct or trustworthy intelligence from Colonel Pearson's command in Zululand has been received. Anxiety is becoming grave, though the last communication was hopeful. Several native runners, induced by large rewards, started for Ekowe with dispatches, but returned, reporting the roads destroyed, every approach commanded by military kraals (forts), and the country swarming with Zulus. An unsuccessful attempt was made on the 10th ult. to communicate with the Ekowe garrison by a signal. King Cetywayo's brother Oham's overtures for submission were a ruse to cover his retreat to Swazieland. All is quiet in the Transvaal.

The British House of Commons, on the 31st ult., by a vote of 306 to 246, rejected Sir Charles Dilke's motion to censure the government's South African policy. In the House of Lords, on the 28th ult., in response to a suggestion that an inquiry be made into the depression of commerce and agriculture, Lord Beaconsfield acknowledged that the depression of the agricultural interest was unprecedented. It was estimated that the public wealth had diminished £80,000,000, and the area of land under cultivation had decreased 1,000,000 acres. English industry and commerce, however, kept well on a level with those of foreign countries.

Yakoob Khan's last letter is said to be indecisive.—Sandeman telegraphs that he was attacked at Baghan, on the 24th ult., by 2000 Mallikș. He routed them, killing 145. The British lost two killed and six wounded. Subsequently Captain Gough defeated a body of 5000 Afghans, killing 400.—A squadron of the Tenth Hussars was swept away by the current while crossing the Cabool River near Emellalabade on the 31st ult. A lieutenant and forty men are missing. Sixteen bodies have been recovered to the present time.

King Humbert of Italy has commuted the death sentence of Giovanni Passanante, who attempted to assassinate him, to penal servitude on the island of Elba for life.

General Melikoff reports that he has completed the burning of the infected houses in Wetlianka.

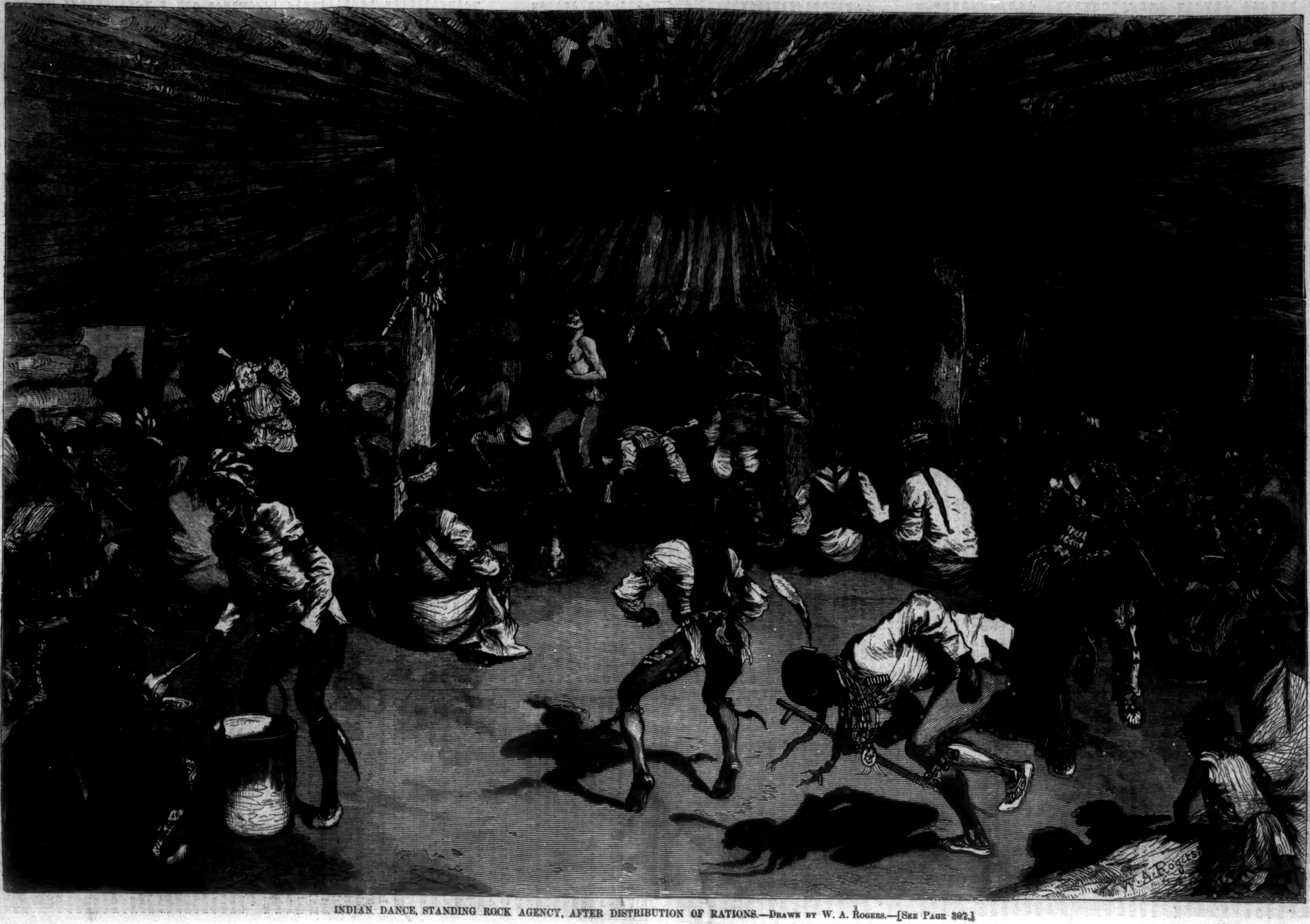
The Cuban government has ordered that the General Post-office administration of the island be conducted, after the 1st inst., in accordance with the convention of the International Postal Union signed at Paris June 1, 1878.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that forty-five persons were arrested on the night after the attempt on the life of General Von Drentelen, chief of the gendarmerie. Some of these were of such high rank that they were not sent to the common prisons. They include officers of the guard, court chamberlains, and two daughters of a prominent minister.

The French Senate, on the 1st inst., postponed until after the Easter holidays the discussion of the question of the removal of the Legislature to Paris.

A Reuter dispatch from Constantinople says it is reported to Lord Salisbury that the drilling of Bulgarians in Eastern Roumelia continues, 70,000 men being now armed.

Peru and Bolivia have entered into an alliance, and have both declared war against Chili.



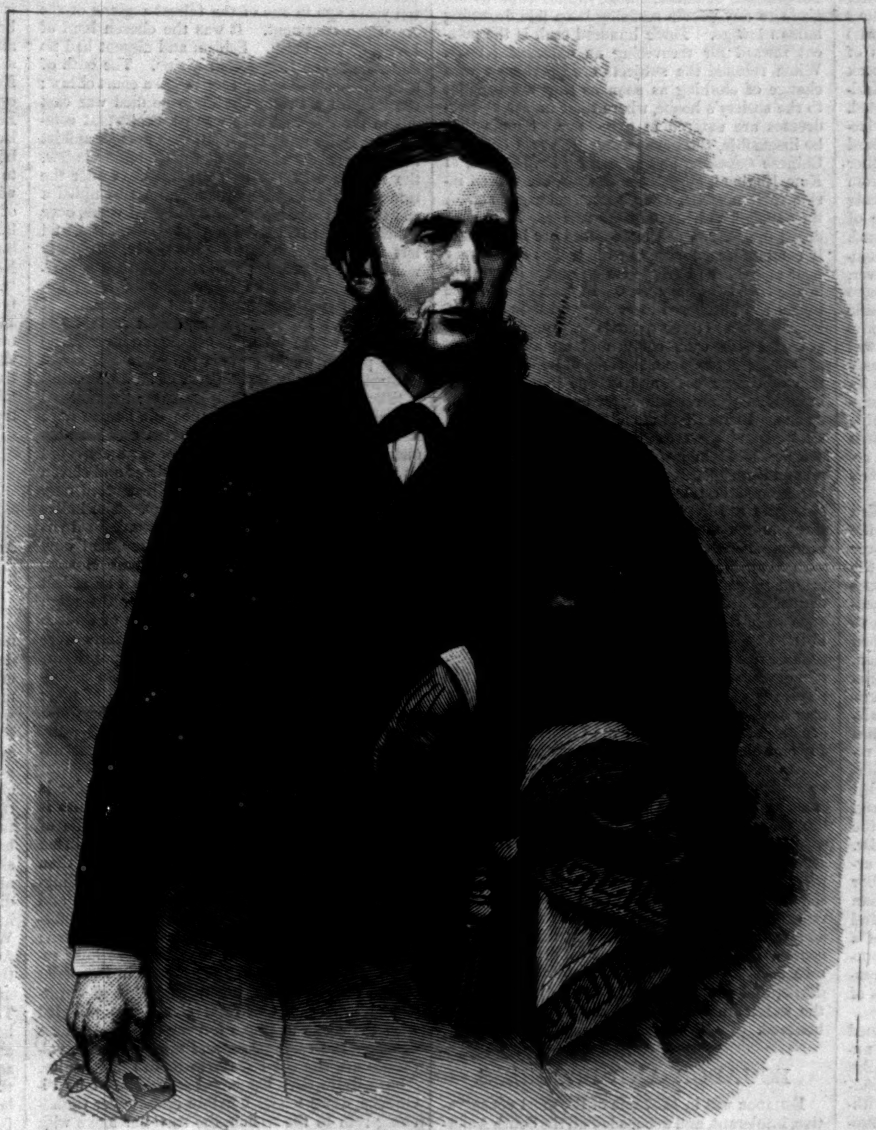
INDIAN DANCE, STANDING ROCK AGENCY, AFTER DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 307.]

OUR NEW MINISTER TO BERLIN.

The choice of Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, to fill the position of United States Minister to the court of Berlin, made vacant by the death of the lamented Bayard Taylor, is one that appears to give universal satisfaction. It is greatly to the credit of the Administration that, in choosing our representatives abroad, men should be selected whose eminent culture and proved ability enable them to take their place worthily among the diplomatic circles of the Old World. President White is peculiarly well fitted for the position that has been tendered him. An accomplished scholar, and thoroughly familiar with the distinguishing features of our own commonwealth, he has at different times spent several years in Europe, where he improved excellent opportunities for study and observation. Possibly no American has a better acquaintance than he with the institutions, the literature, and the popular characteristics of Germany.

President White, now in his forty-seventh year, is a native of Syracuse, his father being a prominent and wealthy resident of that city. As a young man he entered Hamilton College, but remained only a year, finishing his collegiate course at Yale. From this institution he was graduated, having been a member of what has since become known as "the famous class of 1853." While at college he evinced unusual ability, standing at the head of his class, and during the last year carrying away the first prizes for scholarship and oratory. On leaving the seclusion of Yale he went abroad, and saw much of social and diplomatic life as an attaché to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. Here he laid the foundation of his present magnificent library. On his return he was elected to the chair of History in the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, which he accepted, after declining a similar position offered him at Yale. Owing to ill health, he resigned in 1863, and visited Europe again, but only for a brief period.

The connection of Mr. White with the educational institution of which for many years he has been the head appears to have grown out of his election to the State Senate for the district of Syracuse in the autumn of 1864. Here he met the late Ezra Cornell, who afterward founded the University which bears his name. The acquaintance between them grew out of Senator White's interest in educational matters and Senator Cornell's desire to found a collegiate institution where, to use his own words, "any person can find instruction in any study." Mr. White had introduced the bill which codified the school laws, and that which created the new system of Normal Schools. His advocacy of these measures led Mr. Cornell to disclose to him his plan for a liberal institution of learning, and in 1865 Mr. White introduced the bill which incorporated Cornell University. In 1866 he was chosen first President of the University, and soon afterward he visited Europe to study modern educational methods, and to purchase for it books and apparatus. After its founder, the University has been indebted to no one so much as to President White, who, to a very large degree, has formed and directed its system and character. From his own private fortune he has constantly given to it books, objects of art, and sums of money. The handsome residence for the President of the University, on the University grounds, was built by him. The total amount of his gifts would probably reach fully $100,000. Besides his work as President, he has filled the chair of Modern History; and his lectures on the history of France, especially the period of the great Revolution, have always been one of the most popular courses in the curriculum.



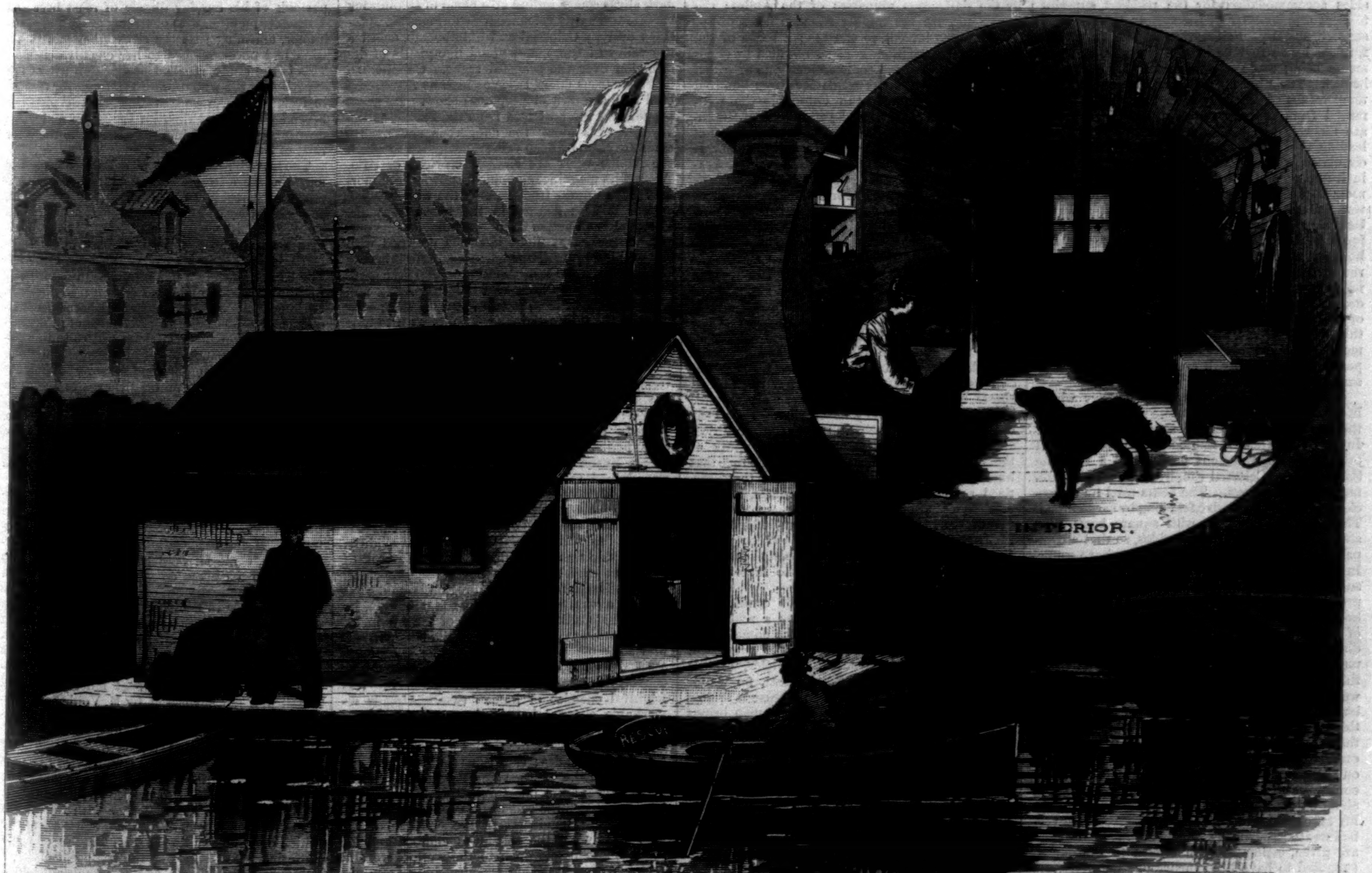
THE HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.—Photographed by Sarony.

With politics the name of President White has been at times associated since his leaving the Senate of this State. Several times he has acted as Delegate from Onondaga County to the State Conventions, and in 1871 he was made President of the Syracuse Convention. Always a warm supporter of General Grant, he was the same year appointed one of the Commissioners to San Domingo to report on the question of annexation. Two years ago he once more visited Europe for his health, and was appointed by President Hayes as one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition. Although President White has always been a prominent Republican in politics, he has not been active in partisan affairs.

President White's sojourn in Berlin will not sever his connection with Cornell University. During his absence Professor Russell, now Vice-President, will act in his stead. In this way the interests of the institution will suffer but little by his temporary withdrawal, while the people of the United States will have the consciousness that they are fitly represented at the German capital.

THE LIFE-SAVING ASSOCIATION.

The object of this admirable society is to employ crews of accomplished swimmers to patrol the river-fronts of our city and rescue people in danger of drown-



NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS—NEW STATION AT PIER TWENTY-EIGHT, EAST RIVER.—From a Sketch by C. A. Keetels.

ing. It was originally organized in the latter part of January of this year. The persons mainly interested in pushing the work, and who have contributed most liberally, are members of different associations of New York, the Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, and the Maritime Exchange being especially well represented. The officers of the society are a president, vice-president, and secretary, together with a board of directors, who control the financial and other arrangements. The entire revenue comes from voluntary subscriptions. It is proposed to locate stations along the river for the convenience of the crews and the better care of persons rescued. As yet only one of these buildings has been completed. This is located at Pier No. 28, East River, and forms the subject of our illustration on page 305. Each station is to be supplied with a galvanic battery and other means for reviving persons who have been for some time under water. There will be two patrols at each station to watch for cases of accident, and these men will be thoroughly instructed in the use of the various appliances supplied by the society. The germ of this admirable institution was the volunteer Life-saving Corps organized by "Nan the Newsboy," of which an account was given in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*.

The New York Life-saving Society is modelled upon a similar association in London, called the Royal Humane Society. This was organized over a hundred years ago, the first meeting of the founders taking place at the London Coffee-House on the 18th of April, 1774, when thirty-two gentlemen formed themselves into a committee to carry out the plan proposed by a physician named Hawes for the treatment of suspended animation. Dr. Hawes had for some time previously offered rewards to those who between London and Westminster bridges should, within a certain time after the occurrence of an accident, rescue the bodies and bring them to places appointed for their reception, where proper means for their resuscitation might be applied. This system he carried on for twelve months at his own expense, and succeeded thereby in saving several lives. At the expiration of the first year a friend named Dr. Cogan pointed out to him that the time had arrived when the expenditure and personal labor involved in this laudable effort were greater than ought to be borne by one professional man, and offered to unite with him in the formation of a Humane Society. The idea was promptly adopted, and a society formed which during the hundred years of its existence has been the means of saving 38,056 persons from premature death.

This society has for some time past maintained establishments in the parks of London, and numerous receiving-houses within one hundred miles of the metropolis, where drags are always in readiness, and where a medical officer is always within call. The model receiving-house of the association, erected in 1834, is situated on the north bank of the Serpentine River, midway between the bridge and the east end. It contains, besides accommodation for the resident superintendent and boatmen of the society, two wards, a surgery, and a committee-room. The wards are furnished with four baths and six beds, arrangements being made so that the bedding can be heated. The object of this is to keep up the temperature of the body after the patient is removed from the warm bath to the bed. There are likewise two hollow iron tables, with pipes leading to a boiler through which the hot water circulates, warming hot-water bottles and other instruments, and keeping the atmosphere of the room at a high temperature. About two tons of water are kept constantly hot, so that a warm bath can be prepared at a moment's notice during any hour of the day or night. The society, however, accomplishes as much by its system of rewards, and the publication of the particulars of noble and intrepid exertions in saving life from drowning, as by its successful treatment of cases of suspended animation. The large field open to this branch of the work is shown by the statement of the Registrar-General that about 2800 persons are annually drowned from accidents or suicide.

Curious to relate, there is no country where life-saving associations are more popular, or where they receive more cordial support, than China. In the year 1823 a number of merchants and other influential persons established a Humane Society in the Celestial Empire, supported by voluntary contributions. The boats used by the society are about thirty-five feet long by seven broad. They are flat-bottomed, with square bows, very strongly built, and with low sides, so that a comparatively small part of the craft is above water. In shape they resemble the ordinary Chinese boat, so frequently described, but are much broader in proportion to their length, and have a smaller house or cabin on deck than is usual in vessels of the same size. They labor under the same disadvantages as all other native craft in being unable to beat against a head-wind, on account of their flat bottoms. In former years they were well supplied with water-tight life-belts, made of bamboo, and covered with oil-paper and varnish; they seldom carry them now, the boatmen saying that "every one can swim." On the Yang-tze each boat is manned by a cockswain and four men; on the Han, by a cockswain and three men. To encourage the crews of the boats, 1500 cash, or about one and a half dollars, are given for every life saved under ordinary circumstances. In very bad weather, or during stormy nights, larger sums are given, estimated with regard to the danger supposed to have been incurred. Formerly, owing to the exaggerated respect entertained by the Chinese for the dead, the rate for the recovery of dead bodies was higher than that for the living; but this was afterward altered on account of the very general suspicion that the employés of the society drowned their subjects before taking them out of the water.

In order to stimulate the people generally in the practice of humane acts, similar rewards are given to any person rescuing bona fide drowning human beings. Three hundred cash is the present reward for recovering an *unwounded* body. When rescued the subjects are provided with a change of clothing as soon as they are brought to the society's house, where their names and addresses are entered in a register. Should they be insensible, the burnt ashes of a pod called in Chinese *tsaou-keo*, and named by Dr. Hooker, of Kew, England, *Gleditschia sinensis*, are placed inside their nostrils, when, as the manager stated, they sneeze, and immediately revive. In case of death the friends of the deceased are immediately communicated with, but the bodies of the very poor and those of friendless strangers are buried in the society's cemeteries. In each of these the tombs are numbered to correspond with the register. Thirty-three pounds of quicklime are placed inside each coffin, and an allowance is also made of one pound weight of paper in imitation of copper cash, and of one hundred paper imitations of silver ingots, for use in the world of spirits. Fifteen feet of cloth for a shroud is also allowed, and a grave-stone is given. The coffins are deposited in graves three feet deep, and a mound three feet above the level of the surrounding ground is raised over them. Resuscitated strangers are kept at the society's house from three to ten days, and even longer, in cases of illness. Persons who have lost all their property with their boats, as also those who have been driven by penury to attempt suicide by throwing themselves into the rivers, are relieved in accordance with the urgency of each respective case. If females, they are lodged temporarily with persons of respectability in the neighborhood. Certain gratuities are given on festal days to the employés of the society for any assistance they may have rendered to disabled vessels. On the evening of the last day of the Chinese year—the day on which it is an imperative custom for every one to settle his accounts—every life-boat must be cruising to protect people with money when crossing the rivers, as they are liable to become the prey of evil-minded boatmen. Should the suspicions of the society's men be in any way aroused, they must at once hail and beat a gong, when other vessels will come at once to their assistance. Should the body of a drowned person remain long under water where the river is deep, and the friends wish to recover the corpse, recourse must be had to professional divers. These men accept the sobriquet of *shui-kuei*, or water-devils, and extraordinary tales of their feats in the water are current, and seem to be generally believed.

ECUADOR AND PROGRESS.

Ecuador was in 1867 one of the most conservative, intolerant, and debased of all the South American communities, yet in many respects the most remarkable of all. High raised among a chain of the loftiest mountains; a table-land inclosed by the dangerous pinnacles of the Andes; the source whence the mighty Amazon flows down, an enormous torrent, to the sea; a scene of the most horrible earthquakes; surrounded by slumbering volcanoes, and some active—one of which has been in constant eruption for three hundred years, by Chimborazo and Cotopaxi—the wonderful plain is filled with the traditions of the Incas and of that inferior form of civilization that was slowly attained by the children of the sun. It was an instinct rather than a progress. But Atahualpa lies buried among his people, and the dark children of his race still form the larger part of the population. They never smile, it is said, never complain, but still celebrate their national worship secretly, and wait in stolid calmness for the return of the royal family that once ruled over the highest plains of the Andes. The Indians when they steal from the Spaniards say it is not theft: they are only taking what was once their own. They are still the most mysterious of the American people. They have secret means by which they convey intelligence, and exhibit masquerades that recall Atahualpa and many of the curious fancies of the Incas. They have broad chests, like a gorilla, but are weak; are shrewd, keen, but feeble. They never sing. They bear blows without reproach, and seem sunk in abject submission. The indolent Spaniards speak of them with disdain. Yet this is the same race that built the palaces of Cuzco and Quito; that practiced agriculture; made roads, tunnels, bridges; established a post; excelled in many arts and manufactures; in their bright, unclouded, lofty atmosphere studied astronomy; and on almost the highest station of the earth insisted that they were the children of the sun, the favorites of heaven.

Orton's striking picture of the condition of Quito and Ecuador in 1868 shows a real decay since the days of the Incas. "The climate," we are told, "is perfect." Fair Italy is surpassed. Here one might place the Elysian Fields, if Orcus were not so near. No torrid heat, no winter frost, invades the happy scene; disease is seldom known, and only the carelessness of man brings to him fevers and early death. The clear, bright atmosphere of these elevated regions, rarefied to a remarkable degree, seems to produce health of body, but not of mind. The people alone seem careless of the gifts of nature; they lived in 1868 almost forgetful of the world beyond their chain of mountains. They are descendants of a union of Spaniards and Indians, indolent, languid, graceful. Labor is contemned, improvement scarcely thought of. An intense superstition governed these inactive intellects; the Jesuits ruled Ecuador with bitter and contemptuous tyranny; the rest of the world might move, the light of toleration might penetrate Brazil and Chili, but from Quito it was shut out as religiously as when Loyola had fixed his rule over Rome. It is almost impossible to believe that a religious despotism so rigid, absurd, and cruel as was that of President Moreno and the Jesuits can have existed ten years ago in one of the fairest regions of the American continent. It was the chosen land of La Fe, or The Faith. Schism and dissent had no entrance to the Ecuadorian plains. The oath of a Protestant was never received in a court of law; the body of a Protestant when he died was cast out to the dogs. There was no Protestant cemetery at Quito until 1867. It was opened amidst the bitter sneers of some of the Quitonian ladies, the murmurs of the native priests. Under the rule of a rigid conservatism Quito resembled a city that had slumbered for a hundred years, over which custom had fixed a thousand abuses, and left it to linger in a constant decay. Honesty was nearly unknown; no merchant took a partner or a clerk lest he might plunder him; lotteries and gambling formed the amusements of the people. No manufactures and little trade flourished where labor was dishonorable, and no white person would carry a parcel in the street or engage in any honest toil. The land was faintly tilled with the rudest implements; the rich soil scarcely fed its indolent people; the houses were built of mud; two or three ancient coaches supplied the wants of the city; a few carts conveyed its merchandise. A university existed and eleven colleges, but their students were instructed only in what was learned a century ago. The ladies are graceful, indolent; neatness an unknown virtue. Every election was a revolution, and only the rigid, unsparing rule of President Moreno held in check the restless people, until he at last died by an assassin's dagger. Under the reign of its imperious priesthood the morals of Church and state were lost together; the priests were the least reputable of the people; the politicians lived by bribes; Moreno shot or banished his opponents without a trial, without a trace of pity; and in the fairest region of the earth the worst of its governments, the most corrupt of its religions, have debased for generations the descendants of the Incas and their conquerors.

Except the plains of Central Asia, Ecuador is the highest table-land upon the earth. Quito is 9000 feet above the sea; placed by the side of Boston or New York, it would seem as if lifted above the clouds. It is 2000 feet higher than the Hospice of St. Bernard, the loftiest dwelling-place in Europe. Its flowers are beautiful, and bloom all the year. No reptiles nor insects disturb its repose; poisonous snakes are unknown; even the mosquito never reaches these lofty regions. But far up above the clouds, in the midst of the finest climate, the rarest skies of untarnished brilliancy, one fatal element is mingled with the scene to prove forever the helplessness of man: the earthquake and the ever-active volcanoes are the chief features of life in Ecuador. Above Quito rises the ceaseless smoke of its Pichincha, down whose horrible crater, ever threatening ruin to the nation, the traveller looks with never-sated awe. "There," says Orton, "you see a frightful opening in the earth's crust nearly a mile in width and half a mile deep, and from the dark abyss comes rolling up a cloud of sulphurous vapors." Twenty volcanoes of enormous size, presided over by Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, encircle the valley of Quito, and brood like giants of destruction over the peaceful scene. Chimborazo is a monstrous dome, twice as high as Ætna, covered with a crown of perpetual snow. Its great proportions are best seen from the Pacific, as the voyager sails along the dangerous shore. Its sides are riven by deep valleys, compared to which the Alpine vales are shallow crevices or rifts. Around its magnificent dome of snow, where mortal foot has never trodden, only the white-winged condor is seen floating in the transparent air. Cotopaxi is an active volcano, sending out its perpetual smoke; at night it seems crowned with fire—a blazing torch on high; sometimes it breaks out into fierce and terrible eruptions. These giant mountains are so huge and tall that Ætna and Vesuvius would seem pigmies at their side; they encircle the fertile plains of Ecuador as if to hide its people in a happy vale.

Its only peril is the earthquake. One Sunday morning in August, 1868, there was a slight tremor of the earth, a sudden shock, and within a single minute a whole province was laid in ruins. Cities, towns, houses, factories, fell together. At one town alone six thousand persons perished. Houses were thrown into the air; a cotton factory—sole proof of progress—was dashed to pieces, and its proprietor killed. Huge chasms opened in the cultivated land; the roads were broken up; torrents of mud and water flowed down the sides of the mountains, carrying away mules and cattle. Quito suffered slightly, but Otavalo was left a desert, and the wreck of the great earthquake has never been repaired. To such disasters this upland region is liable, but its rare advantages of climate, soil, situation, its important position in the heart of the continent, on the pathway from sea to sea, its singular natural advantages, must make Ecuador once more a scene of advancing civilization, and science may convert its volcanoes and its earthquakes into less frightful enemies of human ease. Already remarkable changes have followed the American emigration to the Pacific coast; a net-work of railways is piercing the defiles and climbing the sides of the Andes; cars run regularly from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca and the favorite homes of the Incas; the finest railroads in the world have succeeded the wonderful causeways built by the untutored engineers of the children of the sun. But when the plateau is climbed and the difficult ascent laid open to the west, there still remains a vast wilderness stretching from the roots of the Andes to the Atlantic, almost impervious to the labors of man—a forest endless and unknown. Happily nature has here provided a pathway for commerce unrivalled in its ample dimensions—a natural canal whose waters never fail. On the plateau of Peru and Ecuador the tributaries of the Amazon take their rise; the river seems to feed on the secret springs of the immense chain of mountains. As the Marañon, it divides Peru and Ecuador; as the Solimoens, begins its majestic course through the wilderness, and with tranquil grandeur makes its long passage to the sea. It never freezes, is never unfit for navigation; steamers already penetrate its estuaries, and make their way to the base of the Ecuadorian plain. The Amazon must become at last one of the highways of the nations, and its boundless resources help to bring ease and plenty to the millions in Europe or America who labor with little reward. It is by making a proper use of the resources of nature that men will come at last to live in general content. The trade of South America must flow into the harbors of New York and Baltimore, Charleston and New Orleans. One remarkable revolution has recently occurred in Ecuador—a moral earthquake. The rule of the Jesuits has been overthrown, toleration and progress have sprung up together at the base of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and from the most sluggish, reactionary of American communities, Ecuador promises to become one of the most vigorous and bold.

Eugene Lawrence.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

An Imperial Amazon.—Poor Carlotta.—Victor Hugo and his Grandchildren.—A Tribute of Reparation.—Paris during Lent.—Literary Gossip.—The Grand Lottery.

Paris, *March* 22, 1879.

The story is told in Paris that a certain brilliant and beautiful lady, now on British soil, has declined to join the galaxy of royal splendor gathered at Windsor Castle on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, where she would be a remarkable figure even beside the Princess of Wales. This lady, one of the keenest *sportsmen* of her day, has visited England in pursuit of the stag and the fox, instead of the society of the royal family, and is no less a person than the Empress of Austria, whose subjects, the fair Viennese, are said to deplore she was not born a groom instead of a sovereign. Paris gossip discovers in the conduct of the Empress Elisabeth a sentiment of pique, possible to great ladies as well as little women. Last year, after hunting in Leicestershire, the Empress arrived at Windsor to pay a farewell visit of ceremony before her departure. The day was cold and snowy, the etiquette of her reception, so dear to the German blood of Queen Victoria, scarcely less icy. The call terminated, a royal carriage conveyed her to the dépôt. Weather is a great republican, and no respecter of persons. The hill of Windsor was frozen; one of the horses slipped down; the train arrived and passed swiftly. When the lady reached the station she was obliged to wait for the next train, like a common mortal. Paris finds the picture droll and amusing. The Empress of thirty million subjects warmed her feet at the humble hearth of the station-master, and partook of his Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with charming grace and good-humor, affirming that the richest banquet at Vienna had never seemed to her equally delicious. This is the study, recalled by Parisian wit, of the superb Amazon who prefers vaulting over ditches in Ireland, at the present time, to sweeping her brocades and laces through the green and white drawing-rooms of Windsor Castle or to the altar rails of St. George's Chapel.

The traveller journeying from Paris to Bruxelles may observe, a league from the latter city, a modern country residence, on a height. This château, surrounded by a fine park, and decorated with every embellishment of art, belonged to the Belgian senator and proprietor M. Zaman. Henceforth it is destined to a melancholy celebrity. The King of Belgium has purchased the property for the residence of his sister, the mad Empress Carlotta, who will be transferred here in consequence of the burning of the château of Torvenereu. The unfortunate Carlotta retires to this solitude, with the panorama of blooming country outspread before her, embracing the forest of Soignes and the wood of La Cambri, perhaps to dream, in her disordered fancy, that she is again at Miramar, or enjoying the transient gleam of glory in Mexico. Does she realize that the downfall of Napoleon III. was involved in her own? The commencement of his ruin dated from the return of the Mexican bonds on the French market.

Two French artists of note are linked together in the association of their individual work at the present date, and thus claim additional public interest. M. Bonnat is painting the portrait of Victor Hugo, while M. Voillemot is putting the last touches to a canvas on which he has portrayed the two grandchildren of the poet. The little George stands in a manly attitude, and the little Jeanne, seated, turns the leaves of the book on her knee, *L'Art d'être Grandpère*. This charming subject is happily rendered, and the interest inspired by M. Bonnat's reproduction of the familiar lineaments of the poet must be deemed equalled, if not surpassed, by M. Voillemot's rendering of the grandchildren, about whom the author has shed the halo of his own genius.

Hector Berlioz died March 8, 1869. To-day Paris has awakened to the necessity of paying a tribute of reparation to the genius of a great man—a tribute as much to be censured as praised. Paris treated the living Berlioz with the cruelty of indifference, mockery, contempt—a caprice which endured for the space of a life of acute suffering. Not only was the composer of *Faust Condamné* and *Romeo and Juliet* misunderstood and unappreciated by a public too frivolous to comprehend him, but he was made the jest of the town. If a comedian desired to please, he seated himself at a piano and introduced with a prelude the barking of a dog, the crowing of a cock, and the braying of a donkey, when the delighted audience cried, with one voice, "Behold the good man Berlioz!" This fickle and inexplicable public opinion of Paris, the flame of a candle blown by the wind, now applauds the very placards which announce the Berlioz Festival, and the people of all classes troop to the Hippodrome, eager to hear melodious strains become a fashion. To-morrow the capital would treat a second Berlioz with the same disdainful neglect, and aim at his heart an arrow tipped with the venom of ridicule.

At this moment of national recognition his friends recall the pale and sorrowful man, crushed by illness and discouragement, who wandered apart in the day when Paris flocked to Baden-Baden, and the Black Forest resounded with French gayety. Then no applause greeted him, save from other lands, and the announcement of his name in a Paris concert was sufficient to render the entertainment a failure. These partisans find Death wielding his scythe for baton, as leader of the orchestra, while Berlioz looks back from beyond the grave with a smile of pity for the city always his enemy in life.

Lent is marked with the usual routine of repentance and duty in Paris. The epicurean penitent subsists on pheasants' eggs instead of the coarser and more substantial egg of the poultry-yard. The sea furnishes its harvest of marine monsters, and the *soupe maigre* of the poor *dévote* becomes the most delicate banquet possible to devise beneath the skillful supervision of the professional *chef*. The mussel has re-appeared, and been welcomed alike in the *café* and the lodge of the *concierge*, served in its shell. As usual, certain Lenten preachers are the fashion of the hour. The Jesuit and Dominican orders are represented by the Pères Ravignan, Monsabré, and the young and eloquent Père Didon, following the example of the Père Lacordaire, who electrified Paris in 1841 by appearing in the pulpit of Notre Dame in the white robe of a monk and the *rôle* of a sensational preacher, dealing with the topics of the day.

Lent possesses this year an amusing phase. Fashionable ladies, patronesses of charities, levy a tax on the gentlemen of their acquaintance only second to the harvest of New-Year gifts. These ladies bombard the bachelors with invitations to contribute to their favorite charities, of which each holds a purse. The unhappy victim does not venture a refusal. An audacious beau has chosen a happy expedient. When he receives a billet from Madame la Duchesse, presenting to his notice her pet orphan asylum, he responds with a printed formula requiring aid for a new charity, *L'Ouvre du Bon Petit Jésus*. The lady can not refuse this exchange, and he thus re-imburses some of his scattered louis. The means prove most effective. As the ladies are obliged to respond to his demand from their own purse, while his offering merely passes through their hands, he no longer receives a shower of supplications. The bachelor is radiant with success.

Adrien Maquet would furnish a subject for a French biographer like Mr. Smiles. Born at Montfort-l'Amaury May 3, 1834, he entered the shop of a locksmith of Marly in early youth, and might have been seen going about the streets to mend a bell or repair a lock. This modest workman consecrated all his leisure hours to study. The cabaret was not visited by him, while the frequenters of the Bibliothèque Nationale often remarked a young man reading eagerly the best historical works, and deciphering illegible manuscripts, eating the morsel of dry bread which constituted his breakfast. In 1870 Adrien Maquet was elected member of the Société Archeologique of Rambouillet, and in 1874 of the Society of Moral Science, Letters, and Art of the Seine-et-l'Oise. He had contributed to these societies a history of the château of Marly-le-Roi, a review of its seigneurs, and other historical and archæological studies. He is a master of heraldic art, and of designs, inscriptions, and emblems. To-day Adrien Maquet is an officer of the Académie Française.

Many years ago a young poet presented himself to a Paris publisher with the manuscript of his first volume of verse. The latter glanced over the verses and returned them, declaring that the time was peculiarly unfavorable for the publication of poetry, and he must decline the undertaking. The poet placed his manuscript in his pocket and prepared to take his leave, his aspect grave and at the same time full of quiet assurance.

"You are wrong, because I am a man of genius," he said. "I would have signed a contract with you for the issue of my future books. You reject your own fortune."

"Many thanks. You are too kind," replied the other, with ironical politeness.

The poet departed. The publisher reflected; he was impressed, not by the merit of the verses, but the coolness and confidence of his visitor. He rose to recall him; the poet had disappeared. The young man was Victor Hugo, and the publisher, now dead, told the story. What must have been his sentiments when the crowd waited and carriages filled the street from dawn until noon, anticipating the first copies of *Les Misérables*, given by the hand of a rival business house?

A more recent incident of a similar nature has been the experience of M. Durand, the husband of Madame Durand ("Henri Gréville"), whose books charm so many readers by their grace and delicacy. A Paris editor assured the gentleman that his own sagacity and experience were wholly at fault if a Paris journal could be induced to publish a story of this gifted writer. During the ensuing year not less than five Parisian newspapers were issuing serially those Russian tales, marked by such peculiar power and sympathy with the subject, from the palace of the noble at St. Petersburg to the isba of the peasant on the country estate. Madame Durand's gift is to depict young girls. She presents a whole gallery of them in her writings: Ariadne and the Princess, the two charges of the Niania, Raïssa Sonia, the Komniassine, and the no less delightful picture of the Norman fisher-girl Bonne-Marie.

In French literature the maiden is usually a colorless flower brought in relief by the crimes of her surroundings, and she invariably plays into the hands of the villain by a noble sentiment of duty in self-sacrifice. As a rule she also possesses large blue eyes and a blonde head, which is pressed to the heart of conscience-stricken fathers and tearful grandparents, who raise their glances to heaven in blessing her, while Monsieur the Curé stands near, much affected by the domestic scene. Madame Durand revolutionizes this type by the gay, mischievous, and brave characteristics of her heroines.

Possibly the editor was wise. If the Paris public reads M. Émile Zola and the stranglers of M. Belot, the stories of "Henri Gréville" must be insipid in their contrasting purity.

The termination of the National Lottery is more disastrous than its worst foe could have predicted. Twenty thousand prizes, many of them *gros lots*, remain unclaimed at the Palais de l'Industrie. The tickets to which these prizes belong have never been verified at the Pavillon de Flore. The French press warns these favorites of fortune to come forward and claim their gifts. No response is made. Then the journals wax impatient, threatening, indignant. The Palais de l'Industrie is required for the Salon in May. The prizes must be once more returned to the Trocadéro. Delinquent prize-holders will be charged with the transportation and subsequent storage. In vain are these batteries opened daily by the press of the capital. The prize-holders are deaf alike to threats and cajolery. What is the true cause of this mystery? Has some petulant Frenchman thrown his tickets in the fire, disappointed that he failed to draw the rivière of diamonds? Do foreigners hold these numbers, still ignorant of results? Has that complicated system of wheels, so clear to the inventor, led to impossible combinations of numbers held by no one? The official catalogue is now pronounced inaccurate. Whatever the cause, twenty thousand prizes remain unclaimed, and will soon be dragged back in melancholy procession to the Trocadéro, with the ultimate intention of selling them for the benefit of a hospital. It is to be hoped the hospital may not depend too much on the result.

One of the most beautiful of charities is the Paris Hospitality of the Night, which gives, gratuitously, shelter and a bed to homeless wanderers, and usually obtains work for such waifs afterward. The sleep of the rich man in his luxurious home must be rendered sweet by the thought that he has furnished a pillow for the poor outcast, and the rest requisite to inspire courage to live another day.

Artemis.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* was given a fine double-page picture describing the shooting of cattle by the Indians at Standing Rock Agency, Dakota. The animals belonging to the government are corralled and then shot down by a selected party, after which there is an exciting rush for the tongues of the slaughtered beasts, each man being allowed to take as many as he can cut out and carry away. This takes place every ten days, and is regarded as fine sport. But the merry-making—the "high time," as they call it—comes afterward. The Indians assemble in a log-house, and hold a general jollification meeting. The chief feature of the entertainment is the dance. Only the younger men take an active part in this, the older ones sitting in a circle about them and enjoying the fun. The women are not admitted. The dancers are dressed—so far as they are dressed at all—in the most fantastic manner, and each one carries in his hand his pipe or tomahawk. They bob up and down, leap, run, and skip, and cut up all manner of queer antics. At times they break out into sharp discordant barkings, which are answered by yelps and grunts from those who look on. The orchestra sits in one corner, and furnishes its share of the noise by thumping incessantly on a big drum. This is the only instrument used, but our artist is inclined to think that no others are necessary. During the dance the stewed tongue is served out from buckets, and it may be that something a little stronger also finds its way to the mouths of the merry-makers. The sport, beginning in the afternoon, lasts all night.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 20.—First Sunday after Easter.
Friday, 25.—St. Mark.
Sunday, 27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

The largeness of the gift of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut, to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has excited inquiry concerning his personal history. Very little, however, is told. He was born in Colchester, Connecticut, about 1790, and laid the foundation of his fortune in the South American trade. For many years he lived the retired life of a bachelor in New London, "with a niece for his housekeeper," says the *Congregationalist*, "and attracting little attention either as a man of large means or of special liberality." Ample provision was made by him for his niece. Besides the residuary bequest of $500,000 to the American Board, the sum of $150,000 and over was left to other charities. The secretaries of the Board fear the effect of the intelligence of this unexpected gift upon the minds of their annual contributors, and have already issued a cautionary circular.

The scandalous law of the Territory of New Mexico which gave the control of public education to the Jesuits has been, very properly, abrogated by Congress. The advocates of free and unsectarian education now demand a general school law; this the Jesuits oppose, and are holding the rod over the Catholics, especially over the Catholic editors. The Vicar-General of the Catholic Church in the Territory has issued a notice to the press, in which he calls the public-school system "the pampered and legitimate child of impiety," and the papers that advocate it impious. It is well for our people to learn the temper of the Church in a region where it has, or its leaders think it has, complete sway over the popular mind. New Mexico offers an interesting study of Romanism.

The Rev. Joseph Cook has now closed his course of Boston Monday lectures for the present season. Dealing with themes not so novel as those which first brought him into public notice, there has been during the past winter a visible decline both of interest and attendance. Still, the lectures are popular, and arrangements are making for another series.

The evangelical Protestants of France continue to express in the strongest terms their belief that the French people are riper for the reception of Protestantism than they have been at any time since the earliest period of the Reformation. Since the victory at Versailles over Conservatism the French peasant puts on more independence. He pays less heed to the warnings of the priests, and welcomes the Protestant colporteur and missionary. The *Évangéliste*, the organ of the French Wesleyans, says: "Could the flag of evangelical Protestantism be unfurled wherever the spirits of men are set loose from Rome, not knowing whither to betake themselves, large crowds would be seen running to it." Appeals are made to the various French Protestant societies to organize a comprehensive plan of action.

Bishop Penick, who is doing brave pioneer work in the Protestant Episcopal mission on the West Coast of Africa, does not express a high opinion of the usual style of intelligence sent home from heathen missions. He thinks that what is given to the public is too decidedly rose-colored, and is selected with a view of keeping up the spirits of contributors. Perhaps his judgment is too sweeping, but he certainly sets an example of candor in describing his own mission, as for example: "I have found that much which appears pious is simply cant, a mere language learned in the mission schools, without any character to back it up. There is a pitiable want of sincerity long after there is an astonishing pretense of piety." While speaking thus bluntly, the bishop works like a hero.

The International Sunday-school Lessons for 1880 have been issued at a later date than usual. Those who prepare notes on them in volume form need the better part of a year for their work. The New Testament lessons are taken from the Gospel of Matthew, and extend over the first six months of the year; the Old Testament lessons comprise the Book of Genesis.

We in New York complain of the comparatively little use made of church accommodations in the business part of the city; but London has a similar difficulty. In the latter metropolis the "City"—technically so called—has a population of 54,574, and 62,886 church sittings. The people have largely moved away, and the churches have few worshippers. In that area of London which contains a population of 3,522,720, the church sittings are only thirty-one per cent. of the whole, or 1,092,043. The usual estimate of adequate church provision is fifty-eight per cent. of the population. Of this total the Church of England furnishes something over one-half; the Congregationalists, 12.28 per cent.; the Wesleyans, 10.44; the Baptists, 10.41; the Roman Catholics, 3.85; the Presbyterians, 2.30; all others, 4.70; mission-rooms, 4.06.

It is said that Audubon, the naturalist, once offered as a toast at a dinner, "Connecticut," because, as he said, when visiting the national Congress, he discovered that nearly every distinguished member of the House had been born in that State. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* gives a brief list of the great theologians born in Connecticut during the eighteenth century. It comprises the names of Jonathan Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, West, Emmons, Burton, Lyman Beecher, Tyler, and Taylor. It would be difficult to exceed this list from the history of any one other State during the same century.

According to returns made up to August 31, 1878, the total average attendance at the public elementary schools in England was 2,405,197. The attendance at the voluntary schools, which are denominational, was 1,846,119; at the Board schools, 559,078. The government grants for all the schools were £1,820,448. A large part of the expense of public elementary education is, however, met by voluntary contributions and school pence. In 1874 the average attendance for all England was only 1,152,389.

In Scotland two politico-ecclesiastical movements are becoming each year more interesting. One of them aims at disestablishment without qualification, the other offers to diminish the differences between the State and Free Churches to such a degree as to make possible a reunion with the State Kirk. The State Churchmen are offering concessions which are, no doubt, regarded favorably by a minority of the Free Churchmen. A bill of such purport has been printed and circulated in Scotland. On the other hand, the United Presbyterian Synod's Committee on Disestablishment has issued a series of resolutions demanding that every Liberal candidate for Parliament shall, as a condition of united Presbyterian support, declare himself in favor of this measure.

The establishment of Christian missions is attended with many perils. Intelligence has reached England from Zanzibar of the murder of Mr. Penrose, of the Church of England Mission, with sixty-three porters, in the Unyamwezi country. It appears that Abbé Debaize, who was sent out by the French government, had shortly before the arrival of Mr. Penrose in the Unyamwezi country encountered an Arab robber chief and defeated him. The chief, meeting soon after Mr. Penrose and his men, fell upon them. Mr. Penrose is said to have fought bravely, killing a number of the savages before he was shot down. It is evident that the way to the interior of the continent is going to be infested by predatory bands.

A single incident shows how the Reformed Episcopal Church in England is likely to profit by the dissensions of State Church parties. At Sidcup, Kent, an evangelical vicar died; the ministrations of his successor were not agreeable to a large number of the worshippers in the parish, who proceeded to erect another church building. The new building could not be used, however, for State Church worship, as intended, without a license from the vicar. Such license was refused. The subscribers immediately adopted a resolution to make arrangements "for opening the church as a Reformed Episcopal church, under the jurisdiction and authority of the Right Rev. Bishop Gregg." The resolution was carried out, and the edifice consecrated February 14. And so Reformed Episcopalianism has been introduced into the diocese of Canterbury, right under the eyes of the primate.

The English papers, secular and religious, are engaged in discussing the Akenham burial libel suit, which is another of the many collisions between Churchmen and Dissenters. The action for libel was brought by the Rev. George Drury, rector of Claydon and Akenham, against the editor of the *East Anglian Daily Times*. Mr. Drury had been asked to bury the child of a laborer, but, ascertaining that it had not been baptized, refused, as the law of the State Church requires him to do. It has been the practice in the parish to bury unbaptized persons in the north side of the church-yard; the spot, whether correctly or incorrectly, is usually described as unconsecrated ground. A Dissenting minister, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, was asked to perform the burial service, which at the appointed time he undertook to do, in a meadow outside of the church premises. Here he was interrupted by Mr. Drury, and a violent altercation ensued between them in the presence of the child's parents. A highly colored account of these proceedings, published in the *East Anglian Times*, constituted the libel. Instead of £2000, the jury gave Mr. Drury forty shillings damages. Public opinion has condemned his interruption of the religious services, held on a spot over which he had no control, as monstrous and inhuman. It came out in the trial that Mr. Drury derives over £250 from the living at Akenham, and seldom or never holds service there, the church being so dirty that no decent person can sit down in it. The people dislike Mr. Drury's ritualism, and refuse to attend the church.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old gentleman without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! How time flies! Let me see. It is fifty-two years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school-house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

A young lady, who has been engaged to be married for some months past to a young man, is reported to have received a letter from him a few days since which read as follows: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

The following is posted in front of a grocery store in a country town: "Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice.—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did."

The climate of England is favorable for brewers, they have so much "muggy" weather there.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paregorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

There is nothing like a short-hand reporter to take a man down.

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor," he replied, with much emphasis.

"Sociables satisfactorily oystered," is a quaint advertisement.

A young lady rejoices that she did not have to buy any furs last winter, because the gentleman who waited on her was both a muff and a boa.

BOSTON PRECOCITY.

Jack (*aged ten years or under*). "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause."

Tommy. "Oh, certainly. At least I go no further back than the primordial atomic globule."

[*Exeunt, driving their hoops.*

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon Webbing, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some pesky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.

Matrimony is always a fair target for the witty. When a fellow who has been imprisoned for breach of promise expressed his willingness to marry if he could get free, one of the lawyers, who was either a soured Benedick or else a man of large family experience, exclaimed: "Well, that man must have a very curious notion of liberty."

HOW A DAKOTA JUDGE KEEPS ORDER.

Mr. Webster's Attorney (*rising and addressing the attorney for the other side*). "I call you a coward and a liar."

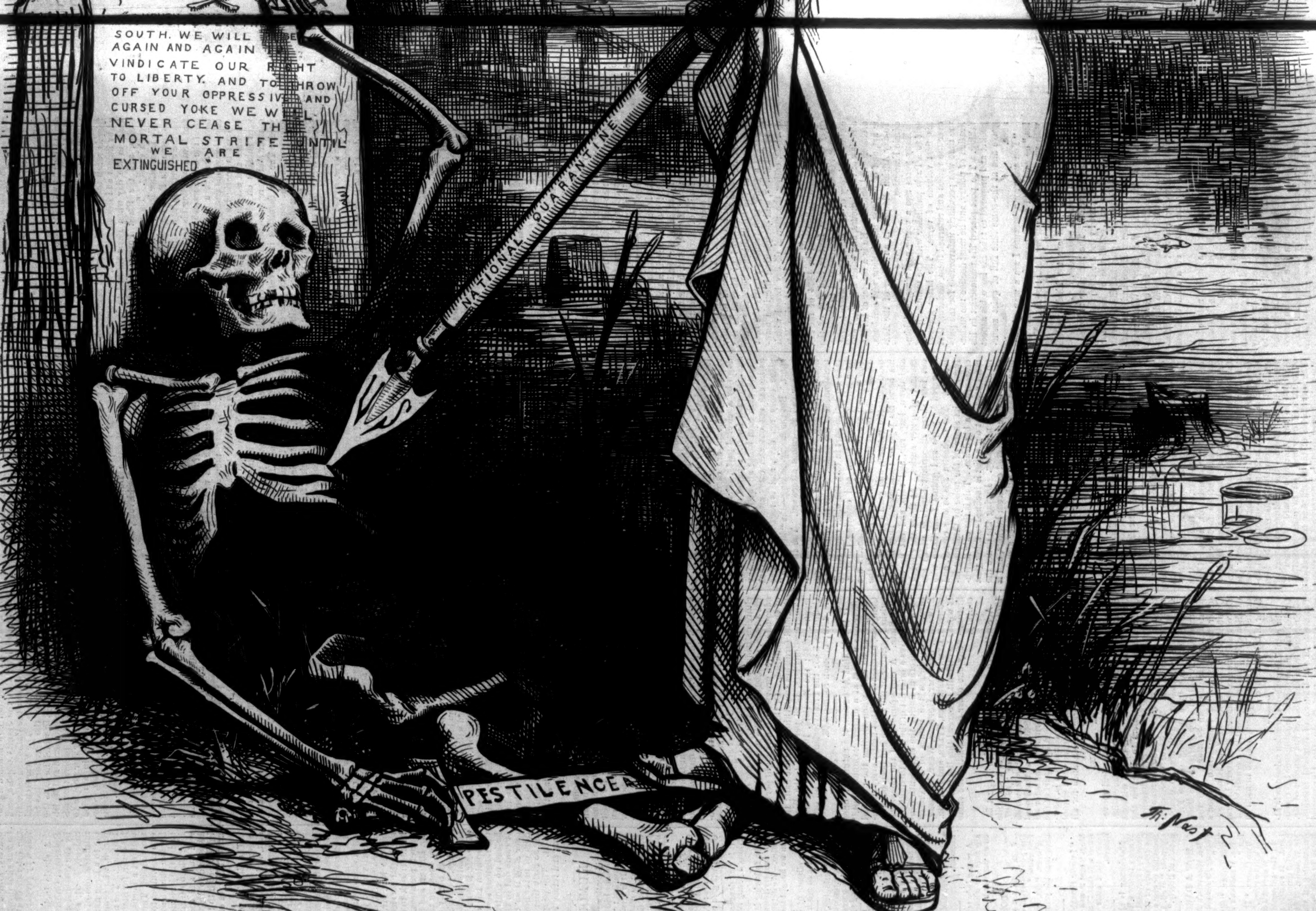
The Court. "Sit down, Sir."

Mr. Webster's Attorney. "He is a coward and a liar."

The Court. "If you don't sit down and keep quiet, you will be sorry."

Mr. Webster's Attorney. "He is."

In the subsequent proceedings the Court took a hand. It swiftly glided from its seat and placed its powerful grasp upon the coat collar of the attorney for Mr. Webster. There was a momentary void in the understanding of that gentleman. The morning stars began to sing together in his ears and dance before his confused vision. Then he found himself outside the building without any hat, and the dusty zephyrs playing through his luxurious mustache. Parties present in the room as innocent spectators aver that the feet of the attorney for Mr. Webster did not touch the floor after the muscles of the Court had contracted upon his collar.


SOUTH. WE WILL
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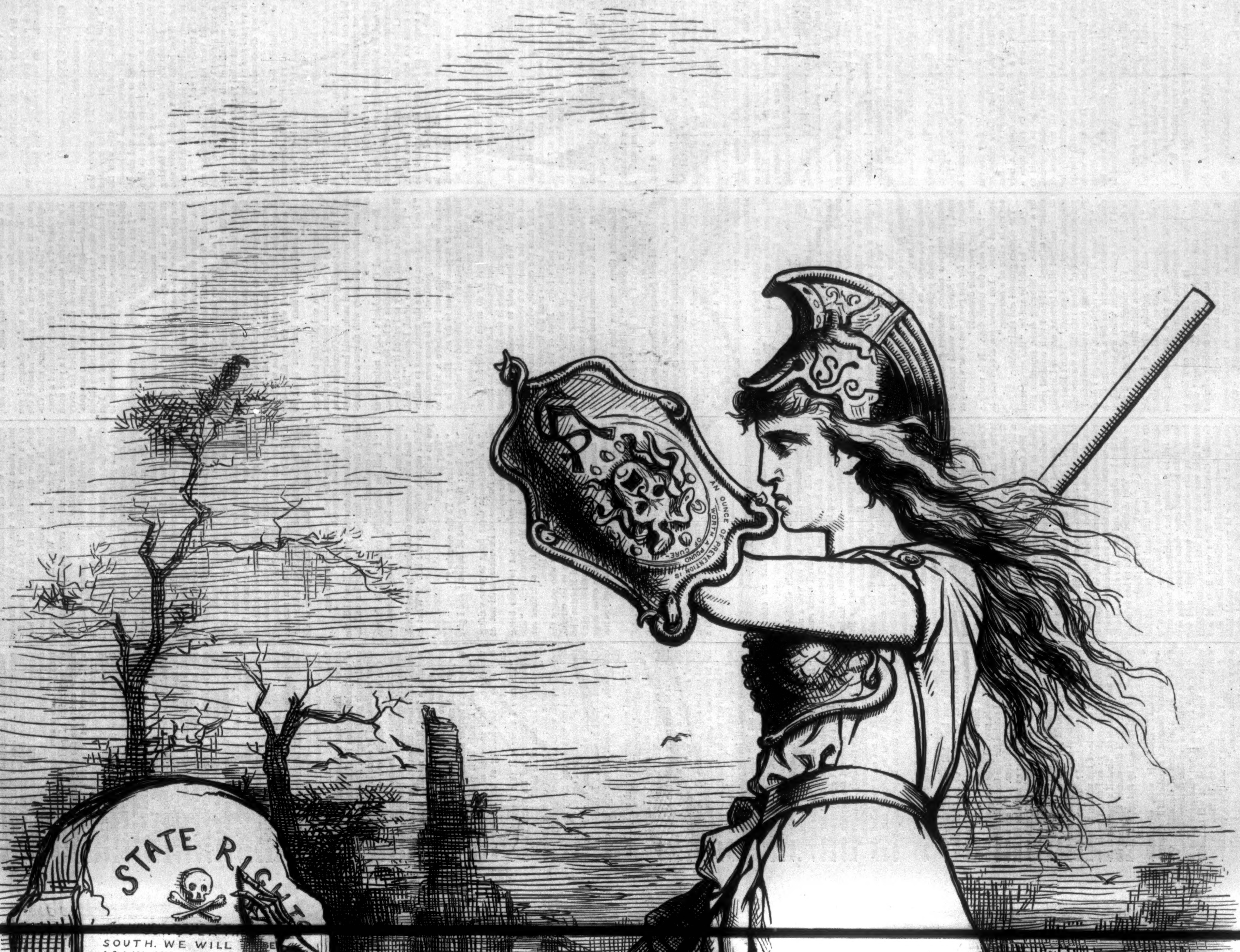
ANOTHER "FEDERAL INTERFERENCE."

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ATHENA HYGEIA AND YELLOW JACK.


AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE.
STATE RIGHTS
SOUTH. WE WILL

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

CHIEFLY FINANCIAL.

Theodore's long-expected bill was among the letters in the morning's bag—a bulky envelope which the captain handed to his wife with his usual politeness. He never opened her letters, but he invariably asked to see them, and she always handed her correspondence over to him with a child-like meekness. To-day she was slow to hand the captain her letter. She sat looking at the long list of items with a clouded brow, and forgot to pour out her husband's coffee in the abstraction of a troubled mind.

"I'm afraid your letters of this morning are not of a very pleasant character, my love," said the captain, watchful of his wife's clouded countenance. "Is that a bill you are examining? I thought we paid ready money for every thing."

"It is my dress-maker's bill," faltered Mrs. Carmichael.

"A dress-maker's bill! That can't be very alarming. You look as awful, and the document looks as voluminous, as if it were a lawyer's bill, including the costs of two or three unlucky Chancery suits, or half a dozen conveyances. Let me have the account, dear, and I'll send your dress-maker a check next Saturday."

He held out his hand for the paper, but Pamela did not give it to him.

"I'm afraid you'll think it awfully high, Conrad," she said, in a deprecating tone. "You see, it has been running a long time—since the Christmas before Edward's death, in fact. I have paid Theodore sums on account in the mean while, but those seem to go for very little against the total of her bill. She is expensive, of course. All West End milliners are; but her style is undeniable, and she is in direct association with Worth."

"My dear Pamela, I did not ask you for her biography, I asked only for her bill. Pray let me see the total, and tell me if you have any objections to make against the items."

"No," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, bending over the document with a perplexed brow; "I believe—indeed, I am sure—I have had all the things. Many of them are dearer than I expected; but there is no rule as to the price of any thing thoroughly Parisian, that has not been seen in London. One has to pay for style and originality. I hope you won't be vexed at having to write so large a check, Conrad, at a time when you are so anxious to save money. Next year I shall try my best to economize."

"My dearest Pamela, why beat about the bush? The bill must be paid, whatever its amount. I suppose a hundred pounds will cover it?"

"Oh, Conrad, when many women give a hundred pounds for a single dress!"

"When they do, I should say that Bedlam must be their natural and fitting abode," retorted the captain, with suppressed ire. "The bill is more than a hundred, then? Pray give it me, Pamela, and make an end of this foolishness."

This time Captain Carmichael went over to his wife and took the paper out of her hand. He had not seen the total, but he was white with rage already. He had made up his mind to squeeze a small fortune out of the Abbey House estate during his brief lease of the property; and here was this foolish wife of his squandering hundreds upon finery.

"Be kind enough to pour me out a cup of coffee," he said, resuming his seat and deliberately spreading out the bill.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, after a glance at the total. "This is too preposterous. The woman must be mad."

The total was seventeen hundred and sixty-four pounds fourteen and sixpence. Mrs. Carmichael's payments on account amounted to four hundred pounds, leaving a balance of thirteen hundred and sixty-four pounds for the captain to liquidate.

"Indeed, dear Conrad, it is not such a very tremendous account," pleaded Pamela, appalled by the expression of her husband's face. "Theodore has customers who spend two thousand a year with her."

"Very laudable extravagance, if they are the wives of millionaires, and have silver mines, or cotton mills, or oil wells to maintain them. But that the widow of a Hampshire squire, a lady who six years hence will have to exist upon a pittance, should run up such a bill as this, is to my mind an act of folly that is almost criminal. From this moment I abandon all my ideas of nursing your estate, of providing comfortably for our future. Henceforward we must drift toward insolvency, like other people. It would be worse than useless for me to go on racking my brains in the endeavor to secure a given result, when behind my back your thoughtless extravagance is stultifying all my efforts."

Here Mrs. Carmichael dissolved into tears.

"Oh, Conrad! How can you say such cruel things!" she sobbed. "I go behind your back! I stultify you! When I have allowed myself to be ruled and governed in every thing! When I have even parted with my only child to please you!"

"Not till your only child had tried to set the house on fire."

"Indeed, Conrad, you are mistaken there. She never meant it."

"I know nothing about her meaning," said the captain, moodily. "She did it."

"It is too cruel, after all my sacrifices, that I should be called extravagant—and foolish—and criminal. I have only dressed as a lady ought to dress—out of mere self-respect. Dear Edward always liked to see me look nice. He never said an unkind word about my bills. It is a sad, sad change for me."

"Your future will be a sadder change, if you go on in the way you are going," retorted the captain. "Let me see: your income, after Violet comes of age, is to be fifteen hundred a year. You have been spending six hundred a year upon millinery. That leaves nine hundred for every thing else—stable, garden, coals, taxes, servants' wages, wine, to say nothing of such trifling claims as butcher and baker and the rest of it. You will have to manage with wonderful cleverness to make both ends meet."

"I am sure I would sacrifice any thing rather than live unhappily with you, Conrad," Mrs. Carmichael murmured, piteously, drinking much strong tea in her agitation, the cup shaking in her poor little white weak hand. "Nothing could be so dreadful to me as to live on bad terms with you. I have surrendered so much for your love, Conrad. What would become of me if I lost that? I will give up dealing with Theodore, if you like; though it will be a hard trial, after she has worked for me so many years, and has studied my style and knows exactly what suits me. I will dress ever so plainly, and even have my gowns made by a Southampton dress-maker, though that will be too dreadful. You will hardly recognize me. But I will do any thing—any thing, Conrad, rather than hear you speak so cruelly."

She went over to him and laid her hand tremulously on his shoulder, and looked down at him with piteous, pleading eyes. No Circassian slave, afraid of bowstring and sack, could have entreated her master's clemency with deeper self-abasement.

Even Conrad Carmichael's hard nature was touched by the piteousness of her look and tone. He took the hand gently and raised it to his lips.

"I don't mean to be cruel, Pamela," he said. "I only want you to face the truth, and to understand your future position. It is your own money you are squandering, and you have a right to waste it, if it pleases you to do so. But it is a little hard for a man who has labored and schemed for a given result, suddenly to find himself out in his calculations by so much as thirteen hundred and sixty-four pounds. Let us say no more about it, my dear. Here is the bill, and it must be paid. We have only to consider the items, and see if the prices are reasonable."

And then the captain, with bent brow and serious aspect, began to read the lengthy record of an English lady's folly. Most of the items he passed over in silence, or with only a sigh, keeping his wife by his side, looking over his shoulder.

"Point out any thing that is wrong," he said; but as yet Mrs. Carmichael had found no error in the bill.

Sometimes there came an item which moved the captain to speech. "'A dinner dress, *pain brûlé* brocade, mixed *poult de soie*, *manteau de cour*, lined ivory satin, trimmed with hand-worked embroidery of wild flowers on Brussels net, sixty-three pounds.' What in the name of all that's reasonable is *pain brûlé?*" asked the captain, impatiently.

"It's the color, Conrad. One of those delicate tertiaries that have been so much worn lately."

"Sixty guineas for a dinner dress! That's rather stiff. Do you know that a suit of dress clothes costs me nine pounds, and lasts almost as many years?"

"My dear Conrad, for a man it is so different. No one looks at your clothes. That dress was for Lady Ellangowan's dinner. You made me very happy that night, for you told me I was the best-dressed woman in the room."

"I should not have been very happy myself if I had known the cost of your gown," answered the captain, grimly. "Fifteen guineas for a Honiton *fichu!*" he cried, presently. "What in mercy's name is a *fichu?* It sounds like a sneeze."

"It is a little half-handkerchief I wear to brighten a dark silk dress when we dine alone, Conrad. You know you have always said that lace harmonizes a woman's dress, and gives a softness to the complexion and contour."

"I shall be very careful what I say in future," muttered the captain, as he went on with the bill. "'French cambric *peignoir*, trimmed real Valenciennes, turquois ribbon, nineteen guineas,'" he read, presently. "Surely you would never give twenty pounds for the gown you wear when you are having your hair dressed?"

"That is only the name, dear. It is really a breakfast dress. You know you always like to see me in white of a morning."

The captain groaned and said nothing.

"Come," he said by-and-by, "this surely must be a mistake. 'Shooting dress, superfine silk corduroy, trimmed and lined with cardinal *poult de soie*, oxidized silver buttons, engraved hunting subjects, twenty-seven guineas.' Thank Heaven, you are not one of those masculine women who go out shooting, and jump over five-barred gates!"

"The dress is quite right, dear, though I don't shoot. Theodore sent it me for a walking dress, and I have worn it often when we have walked in the Forest. You thought it very stylish and becoming, though just a little fast."

"I see," said the captain, with a weary air, "your not shooting does not hinder your having shooting dresses. Are there any fishing costumes or riding-habits in the bill?"

"No, dear. It was Theodore's own idea to send me the corduroy dress. She thought it so new and *recherché*, and even the duchess admired it. Mine was the first she had ever seen."

"That was a triumph worth twenty-seven guineas, no doubt," sighed the captain. "Well, I suppose there is no more to be said. The bill to me appears iniquitous. If you were a duchess, or a millionaire's wife, of course it would be different. Such women have a right to spend all they can upon dress. They encourage trade. I am no Puritan. But when a woman dresses beyond her means—above her social position—I regret the wise old sumptuary laws which regulated these things in the days when a fur coat was a sign of nobility. If you only knew, Pamela, how useless this expensive finery is, how little it adds to your social status, how little it enhances your beauty! Why, the finest gown this Madame Theodore ever made can not hide one of your wrinkles."

"My wrinkles!" cried Pamela, sorely wounded. "That is the first time I ever heard of them. To think that my husband should be the first to tell me I am getting an old woman! But I forgot, you are younger than I, and I dare say in your eyes I seem quite old."

"My dear Pamela, be reasonable. Can a woman's forehead at forty be quite as smooth as it was at twenty? However handsome a woman is at that age—and to my mind it is almost the best age for beauty, just as the ripe rich coloring of a peach is lovelier than the poor little pale blossom that preceded it—however attractive a middle-aged woman may be, there must be some traces to show that she has lived half her life; and to suppose that *pain brûlé* and hand-worked embroidery can obliterate those is extreme folly. Dress in rich and dark velvets and old point-lace that has been twenty years in your possession, and you will be as beautiful and as interesting as a portrait by one of the old Venetian masters. Can Theodore's highest art make you better than that? Remember that excellent advice of old Polonius's:

> 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy.'

It is the fancy that swells your milliner's bill, the newly invented trimmings, the complex and laborious combinations."

"I will be dreadfully economical in future, Conrad. For the last year I have dressed to please you."

"But what becomes of all these gowns?" asked the captain, folding up the bill. "What do you do with them?"

"They go out."

"Out where? To the colonies?"

"No, dear; they go out of fashion; and I give them to Pauline."

"A sixty-guinea dress flung to your waiting-maid! The Duchess of Dovedale could not do things in better style."

"I should be very sorry not to dress better than the duchess," said Mrs. Carmichael. "She is always hideously dowdy. But a duchess can afford to dress as badly as she likes."

"I see. Then it is we only who occupy the border-land of society who have to be careful. Well, my dear Pamela, I shall send Madame Theodore her check, and with your permission close her account, and unless you receive some large accession of fortune, I should recommend you not to re-open it."

His wife gave a heart-breaking sigh.

"I would sacrifice any thing for your sake, Conrad," she said, "but I shall be a perfect horror, and you will hate me."

"I fell in love with you, my dear, not with your gown."

"But you fell in love with me in my gown, dear; and you don't know how different your feelings might have been if you had seen me in a gown cut by a country dress-maker."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WITH WEARY DAYS THOU SHALT BE CLOTHED AND FED."

Captain Carmichael never again alluded to the dress-maker's bill. He was too wise a man to re-open old wounds or to dwell upon small vexations. He had invested every penny that he could spare, leaving the smallest balance at his banker's compatible with respectability. He had to sell some railway shares in order to pay Madame Theodore. Happily the shares had gone up since his purchase of them, and he lost nothing by the transaction; but it galled him sorely to part with the money. It was as if an edifice that he had been toilfully raising, stone by stone, had begun to crumble under his hands. He knew not when or whence the next call might come. The time in which he had to save money was so short. Only six years, and the heiress would claim her estate, and Mrs. Carmichael would be left with the empty shell of her present position—the privilege of occupying a fine old Tudor mansion, with enormous stables, and fifteen acres of garden and shrubberies, and an annuity that would barely suffice to maintain existence in a third-rate London square.

Mrs. Carmichael was slow to recover from the shock of her husband's strong language about Theodore's bill. She was sensitive about all things that touched her own personality, and she was peculiarly sensitive about the difference between her husband's age and her own. She had married a man who was her junior; but she had married him with the conviction that, in his eyes at least, she had all the bloom and beauty of youth, and that he admired and loved her above all other women. That chance allusion to her wrinkles had pierced her heart. She was deeply afflicted by the idea that her husband had perceived the signs of advancing years in her face. And now she fell to perusing her looking-glass more critically than she had ever done before. She saw herself in the searching north light; and the north light was more cruel and more candid than Captain Carmichael. There were lines on her forehead—unmistakable, ineffaceable lines. She could wear her hair in no way that would hide them, unless she had hidden her forehead altogether under a bush of frizzy fluffy curls. There was a faded look about her complexion, too, which she had never before discovered—a wanness, a yellowness. Yes, these things meant age! In such a spirit, perchance, did Elizabeth of England survey the reflection in her mirror, until all the glories of her reign seemed as nothing to her when weighed against this dread horror of fast-coming age. And luckless Mary, cooped up in the narrow rooms at Fotheringay, may have deemed captivity and the shadow of doom as but trifling ills compared with the loss of youth and beauty. Once to have been exquisitely beautiful, the inspiration of poets, the chosen model of painters, and to see the glory fading—that, for a weak woman, must be sorrow's crown of sorrow.

Anon dim feelings of jealousy began to gnaw Pamela's heart. She grew watchful of her husband's attentions to other women, suspicious of looks and words that meant no more than a man's desire to please. Society no longer made her happy. Her Tuesday afternoons lost their charm. There was poison in every thing. Lady Ellangowan's flirting ways, which had once only amused her, now tortured her. Captain Carmichael's devotion to this lively matron, which had heretofore seemed only the commoner's tribute of respect to the peeress, now struck his wife as a too obvious infatuation for the woman. She began to feel wretched in the society of certain women—nay, of all women who were younger, or possibly more attractive, than herself. She felt that the only security for her peace would be to live on a desert island with the husband she had chosen. She was of too weak a mind to hide these growing doubts and ever-augmenting suspicions. The miserable truth oozed out of her in foolish little speeches—those continual droppings that wear the hardest stone, and which wore even the adamantine surface of the captain's tranquil temper. There was a homœopathic admixture of this jealous poison in all the food he ate. He could rarely get through a *tête-à-tête* breakfast or dinner undisturbed by some invidious remark.

One day the captain rose up in his strength and grappled with this jealous demon. He had let the little speeches, the random shots, pass unheeded until now; but on one particularly dismal morning, a bleak March morning, when the rain beat against the windows, and the deodoras and cypresses were lashed and tormented by the blusterous wind, and the low sky was darkly gray, the captain's temper suddenly broke out.

"My dear Pamela, is it possible that these whimpering little speeches of yours mean jealousy?" he asked, looking at her severely from under bent brows.

"I'm sure I never said that I was jealous," faltered Pamela, stirring her tea with a nervous movement of her thin white hand.

"Of course not; no woman cares to describe herself in plain words as an idiot; but of late you have favored me with a good many imbecile remarks, which all seem to tend one way. You are hurt and wounded when I am decently civil to the women I meet in society. Is that sensible or reasonable, in a woman of your age and experience?"

"You used not to taunt me with my age before we were married, Conrad."

"Do I taunt you with it now? I only say that a woman of forty"—Mrs. Carmichael shuddered—"ought to have more sense than a girl of eighteen; and that a woman who has had twenty years' experience of well-bred society ought not to put on the silly jealousies of a school-girl trying to provoke a quarrel with her first lover."

"It is all very well to pretend to think me weak and foolish, Conrad. Yes, I know I am weak, ridiculously weak, in loving you as intensely as I do. But I can not help that. It is my nature to cling to others, as the ivy clings to the oak. I would have clung to Violet, if she had been more loving and lovable. But you can not deny that your conduct to Lady Ellangowan yesterday afternoon was calculated to make any wife unhappy."

"If a wife is to be unhappy because her husband talks to another woman about her horses and her gardens, I suppose I gave you sufficient cause for misery," answered the captain, sneeringly. "I can declare that Lady Ellangowan and I were talking of nothing more sentimental."

"Oh, Conrad, it is not *what* you talked about, though your voice was so subdued that it was impossible for any one to know what you were saying—"

"Except Lady Ellangowan."

"It was your manner. The way you bent over her, your earnest expression."

"Would you have had me stand three yards off and bawl at the lady? Or am I bound to assume that bored and vacuous countenance which some young men consider good form? Come, my dear Pamela, pray let us be reasonable. Here are you and I settled for life beside the domestic hearth. We have no children. We are not particularly well off: it will be as much as we shall be able to do, by-and-by, to make both ends meet. We are neither of us getting younger. These things are serious cares, and we have to bear them. Why should you add to these an imaginary trouble, a torment that has no existence save in your own perverse mind? If you could but know my low estimate of the women to whom I am civil! I like society: and to get on in society a man must make himself agreeable to influential women. It is the women who have the reins in the social race, and by-and-by, if I should go into Parliament—"

"Parliament!" cried his wife, affrightedly. "You want to become a member of Parliament, and to be out at all hours of the night! Our home life would be altogether destroyed then."

"My dear Pamela, if you take such pains to make our home life miserable, it will be hardly worth preserving," retorted the captain.

"Conrad, I am going to ask you a question—a very solemn question."

"You alarm me."

"Long ago—before we were married—when Violet was arguing with me against our marriage—you know how vehemently she opposed it—"

"Perfectly. Go on."

"She told me that you had proposed to her before you proposed to me. Oh, Conrad, could that be true?"

The heart-rending tone in which the question was asked, the pathetic look that accompanied it, convinced Captain Carmichael that, if he valued his domestic peace, he must perjure himself.

"It had no more foundation than many other assertions of that young lady's," he said. "I may have paid her compliments, and praised her beauty; but how could I think of her for a wife when you were by? Your soft, confiding nature conquered me before I knew that I was hit."

He got up and went over to his wife and kissed her kindly enough, feeling sorry for her as he might have done for a wayward child that weeps it scarce knows wherefore, oppressed by a vague sense of affliction.

"Let us try to be happy together, Pamela," he pleaded, with a sigh; "life is weary work at best."

"That means that you are not happy, Conrad."

"My love, I am as happy as you will let me be."

"Have I ever opposed you in any thing?"

"No, dear; but lately you have indulged in covert upbraidings that have plagued me sorely. Let us have no more of them. As for your daughter"—his face darkened at the mention of that name—"understand at once and forever that she and I can never inhabit the same house. If she comes, I go. If you can not live without her, you must learn to live without me."

"Conrad, what have I done that you should talk of such a thing? Have I asked you to let Violet come home?"

"No, but you have behaved mopishly of late, as if you were pining for her return."

"I pine for nothing but your love."

"That has always been yours."

With this assurance Mrs. Carmichael was fain to content herself, but even this assurance did not make her happy. The glory and brightness had departed from her life somehow, and neither kind words nor friendly smiles from the captain could lure them back. There are stages in the lives of all of us when life seems hardly worth living: not periods of great calamity, but dull level bits of road along which the journey seems very weary. The sun has hidden himself behind gray clouds, cold winds are blowing up from the bitter east, the birds have left off singing, the landscape has lost its charm. We plod on drearily, and can see no pole-star in life's darkening sky.

It had been thus of late with Pamela Carmichael. Slowly and gradually the conviction had come to her that her second marriage had been a foolish and ill-advised transaction, resulting inevitably in sorrow and unavailing remorse. The sweet delusion that it had been a love match on Captain Carmichael's side, as well as on her own, abandoned her all at once, and she found herself face to face with stern common-sense.

That scene about Theodore's bill had exercised a curious effect upon her mind. To an intellect so narrow trifles were important, and that the husband who had so much admired and praised the elegance of her appearance could grudge the cost of her toilet galled her sorely. It was positively for her the first revelation of her husband's character. His retrenchments in household expenses she had been ready to applaud as praiseworthy economies; but when he assailed her own extravagance, she saw in him a husband who loved far too wisely to love well.

"If he cared for me, if he valued my good looks, he could never object to my spending a few pounds upon a dress," she told herself.

She could not take the captain's common-sense view of a subject so important to herself. Love in her mind meant a blind indulgence like the squire's. Love that could count the cost of its idol's caprices, and calculate the chances of the future, was not love. That feeling of poverty, too, was a new sensation to the mistress of the Abbey House, and a very unpleasant one. Married very young to a man of ample means, who adored her, and never set the slightest restriction upon her expenditure, extravagance had become her second nature. To have to study every outlay, to ask herself whether she could not do without a thing, was a hard trial; but it had become so painful to her to ask the captain for money that she preferred the novel pain of self-denial to that humiliation. And then there was the cheerless prospect of the future always staring her in the face, that dreary time after Violet's majority, when it would be a question whether she and her husband could afford to go on living at the Abbey House.

"Every body will know that my income is diminished," she thought. "However well we may manage, people will know that we are pinching."

This was a vexatious reflection. The sting of poverty itself could not be so sharp as the pain of being known to be poor.

Captain Carmichael pursued the even tenor of his way all this time, and troubled himself but little about his wife's petty sorrows. He did his duty to her according to his own lights, and considered that she had no ground for complaint. He even took pains to be less subdued in his manner to Lady Ellangowan, and to give no shadow of reason for the foolish jealousy he so much despised. His mind was busy about his own affairs. He had saved money since his marriage, and he employed himself a good deal in the investment of his savings. So far he had been lucky in all he touched, and had contrived to increase his capital by one or two speculative ventures in foreign railways. If things went on as well for the next six years, he and his wife might live at the Abbey House, and maintain their station in the county, till the end of the chapter.

"I dare say Pamela will outlive me," thought the captain; "those fragile-looking invalid women are generally long-lived. And I have all the chances of the hunting field, and vicious horses, and other men's blundering with loaded guns, against me. What can happen to a woman who sits at home and works crewel antimacassars and reads novels all day, and never drinks any thing stronger than tea, and never eats enough to disturb her digestion? She ought to be a female Methuselah."

Secure in this idea of his wife's longevity, and happy in his speculations, Captain Carmichael looked forward cheerfully to the future: and the evil shadow of the day when the hand of fate should thrust him from the good old house where he was master had never fallen across his dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated that Captain Sir George Nares, the well-known commander of the *Challenger* and of the recent British arctic expedition, has been appointed to be the Chief of the Harbor and Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Captain Nares is now in command of H. M. S. *Alert*, engaged in a scientific cruise in the Straits of Magellan.

Some hint as to the antiquity of the pile dwellings in the Lake of Geneva has lately been obtained by the determination of the fact that, when they were burned, fragments of charcoal were distributed along the border of the lake over an extensive district, and are now covered by sand and gravel.

The death of Mr. David Page took place in the early part of March. The name of this gentleman has long been familiar to persons interested in geological pursuits. His text-books and other publications have been widely disseminated and heartily appreciated. A manual on *Physical Geography* was also well received by the public. On the establishment of the Newcastle College of Physical Science in connection with Durham University, he was chosen to lecture on geology. It will be of interest to some of our readers to know that to this gentleman is to be ascribed a large share of the work entitled *Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation*, which some years ago excited a profound interest. Although Robert Chambers was believed to be the principal author, yet it was doubtless from David Page that he derived a large portion of his material.

It is not at all improbable that the electric light will sooner or later come into extensive use for illuminating museums, libraries, and reading-rooms at night. An experiment in that direction, recently made in the reading-room of the British Museum, has satisfied its trustees of its applicability. On several occasions this light was turned on toward dusk for the purpose of enabling readers to continue their studies without interruption for another hour. There was no difficulty in reading or working by it, even at the tables where the light was weakest. The first trial was made without general premonition of such an intention, greatly to the surprise of those present.

Mr. Francis Huntsman, whose name is closely connected with the discovery of cast steel, died in England in the beginning of March, in the ninety-third year of his age.

Among the new bills introduced into the first session of the Forty-sixth Congress is one authorizing the President to establish a temporary colony at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, on or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay, for the purpose of scientific observation and exploration, and to develop or discover new whaling grounds; such officers as may be necessary to be detailed to take part in the same, and with permission to use any public vessel or vessels in connection therewith. This is essentially Captain Howgate's plan, and probably introduced by his request.

It has been ascertained that the same weevil which is usually so destructive to rice has lately been doing a great deal of damage to the wheat in Southern Illinois and elsewhere. A remedy consists in thorough drying by artificial heat, by burning with sulphur, and by the use of bisulphide of carbon carefully applied.

At the last session of Congress an appropriation of $250,000 was made for the construction of a fire-proof building for the reception of such collections belonging to the National Museum as can not be at present accommodated in the Smithsonian Building, and as the plans have already been prepared, it is understood that the work will be begun without delay. The design contemplates a building 301 feet square, with certain projecting corners, the whole covering a space of about 97,000 square feet. Although not quite equal to the area of the Government Building at the Centennial, it is capable of containing a much larger mass of material. The general plan is that of a pavilion, of one story, with brick walls and iron roof, the floor to be of concrete. The corner buildings or projections constitute offices connected with the administration of the Museum, to include a library-room, a small lecture-room, and others. It is expected that the entire edifice will be completed and ready for occupation by the 1st of April, 1880.

Mr. Frederick Smith, an eminent entomologist, and one of our best authorities in regard to hymenoptera, died on the 16th of February, at the age of seventy-three. At the time of his death he was an assistant keeper of the zoological department of the British Museum.

A prize of six hundred dollars has been offered by the Italian government for the best essay on the structure, functions, and diseases of the orange, lemon, lime, and allied fruits, this to include a considerable amount of original matter, and to be accompanied by suggestions for the protection of these plants against their various diseases. The works must be sent in by the end of May, 1881, and the competition is open to all nations; but the essay must be written in the Italian language.

Another instance of the utilization of waste substances has lately been made in treating the residue of beet-root molasses, or that which remains after the alcohol has been distilled from it. It has usually been burned in the open air for the simple purpose of obtaining the potash salts it contained, but by performing the calcination in close retorts the products of distillation have been found to contain a large quantity of trimethylamine, which can be easily worked into chloride of methyl.

We have already referred to the value of this substance as a frigorific, and its competition with ammonia for this purpose. Like ammonia, it is readily condensed to a liquid by pressure, and by its own vaporization the bulk of the liquid acquires a temperature of about —10° F.; and when the vaporization is assisted by the passage of dry air through the liquid, the temperature is brought as low as —67° F. In this way Professor Roscoe has succeeded in freezing a mass of mercury into a solid, which he hammered like a piece of lead. The other uses of chloride of methyl are for the manufacture of the new dyes known as methylated anilines, whose introduction has hitherto been too expensive, but is now rendered practicable. It is probable that a great extension of this industry will be made.

Mr. Adam White, from 1835 to 1853 assistant in the ethnological department of the British Museum, died on the 4th of January, at Glasgow, in the sixty-second year of his age.

The peculiarity of construction and the efficient working of a new form of steamer built by Mr. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, has attracted much attention, and one of his vessels has lately been sent to England to be used as a torpedo boat. In a recent trial there the *Herreshoff* exhibited marked superiority as regards turning, stopping, starting, and reversing, and especially in the time required for getting up steam in the boilers. While two hours were required in this by her English competitors from the time of lighting the fires, available steam was had from the *Herreshoff* in ten minutes. The speed of this vessel was found to be decidedly inferior to that of some of the English boats, and a rather sharp criticism has been made as to the general inferiority of her workmanship.

The fact that about two hundred and eighty tons of California grapes were received weekly and sold in the markets of Philadelphia during the past season shows that this interest is an important one, especially as the American grapes are comparatively little liable to the attacks of the phylloxera, which has caused so much devastation in France, and the approach of which to other countries in Europe is looked upon with so much alarm. Professor Riley some time ago pointed out this comparative immunity of the American grape, and the fact is so well appreciated that enormous importations are now being made from America to Europe, and a special periodical, called *La Vigne Américaine*, has been commenced in France.

The method adopted now is to use the American roots as stocks on which to graft the regular wine grape. The fears which Professor Riley expressed in regard to an attack upon the California vines by the phylloxera have proved not to be unfounded; but he is of the opinion that the Missouri or Carolina vines are much less liable to its attacks.

The insect itself occurs in many localities, being extremely abundant in the vicinity of Washington, and this accounts for the failure of grapes, with which the phylloxera was not supposed to have any connection. The more Professor Riley's investigations are extended, the more he is satisfied that it is almost hopeless to expect its destruction by any possible means, the only remedy being the introduction of new stocks of vines from uninfected districts. The fact is shown that the insect can go on for at least four years without the necessary introduction of impregnated eggs, and that the normal mode of its introduction is in the form of larvæ upon the roots, which of course makes it so much the more difficult to reach.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

International exhibitions are growing in popularity. Australia announces that plans are in preparation for a World's Fair to be held at Melbourne in 1880. Australia has always been well represented in all great exhibitions, and latterly has made rapid progress in productive industry and commercial relations—in fact, that country now ranks the third among the export markets of the kingdom of Great Britain, and may well be regarded by other nations not only as a worthy competitor, but a good customer. The Exhibition at Melbourne will open October 1, 1880, and close March 31, 1881. Suitable buildings will be erected in a central position of the city, and a certain amount of steam and water power will be supplied free. The general reception of articles will begin June 1, 1880, and continue until August 31. Reports and awards will be based upon inherent and comparative merit, and the jurors will be experts in the departments to which they are especially assigned. Melbourne, which is the capital of Victoria, is readily accessible from all the settled portions of Australia, and there is constant steam communication with New Zealand, Tasmania, and the South-sea Islands.

It is re-assuring to the public to know that the directors of the New York Elevated Railroad—or at least some of them—are now of the opinion that "the possibility of accidents on elevated roads can not be guarded against too carefully," and that "safe transit is of greater importance than mere rapid transit." Resolutions have been adopted by the Board of Directors which, if faithfully carried into operation, seem likely to prevent the possibility of collisions in future.

The New York Academy of Music has been leased to Colonel J. H. Mapleson, to give representations of Italian opera for two seasons in three successive years, commencing about October 20, 1879. Two hundred seats in the Academy are to be reserved for the free use of the stockholders.

Foreign trade in American coal is steadily growing. In January, 1878, the first cargo was shipped for Marseilles, and sent thence to Genoa. Since then there have been over twenty shipments, several cargoes going to Genoa, and the remainder to Trieste, Marseilles, Cadiz, Bilboa, Bordeaux, Alexandria, Leghorn, and Havre. Italy will probably be the best market.

Varying reports continue to come from Russia in regard to the prevalence of the plague. Whatever may be the actual facts relative to the disease, there is little doubt that vigorous efforts are being made by the government to improve the sanitary condition of the country. According to the recent "Bulletin of Public Health," issued at Washington, the towns adjoining the infected district, as well as the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, are taking measures against the possible extension of the disease on the approach of warm weather, by cleansing and disinfecting unsanitary quarters, issuing cooked food to the poor, and by the erection of temporary buildings for the reception of refugees from the infected districts, and of furnaces for burning infected clothing.

Just now, when the "trout season" has so recently opened, amateur fishers may feel special interest in Maine "catches." The Kennebec *Journal* glowingly describes a trout lately captured with hook and line which measured three feet in length, and weighed nineteen pounds. It was called the "Monarch of Moosehead," and well deserved the title. But the Bangor (Maine) *Whig* overshadows the "Monarch" by an account of a magnificent trout which had been presented to the editors. It was caught in Schoodic Lake by a fortunate fisher of Milo, was three feet one inch long, and weighed twenty-one and a quarter pounds. The question arose at once whether to build an oven large enough to bake the trout whole, or to spoil his grand proportions by cutting him up. The latter course was reluctantly adopted, and there was a great feasting among appreciative friends.

Numerous complaints have been made in relation to the disturbance of public worship in this city by newsboys crying newspapers in the streets on Sunday morning. An order has been recently issued from Police Head-quarters directing the arrest of all newsboys found transgressing the ordinance on the subject by vociferous attempts to sell their papers. A reform in this matter is needed, not merely on Sundays, but on every day; not merely among newsboys, but also among the venders of fruits, vegetables, and numerous other articles, who daily raise a deafening noise in many of our streets. Why a man who has bananas or potatoes to sell should be allowed to vociferate that fact continuously for half an hour around a single block, to the great annoyance of every resident, is beyond the comprehension of all quiet-loving citizens.

In Liverpool there has been formed a "Shoe-black Society," for the benefit of those who follow the profession of "shining." Its special object is to improve the existing condition of members of the brigade, or to help them to a better position in life.

Report says that the fitting up of the royal yacht *Osborne* for the bridal trip of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught has cost England about $100,000.

It is stated as a notable fact that the saving in one year made on cotton freights alone by means of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi is nearly equal to the whole cost of the improvements effected by Captain Eads. This, if correct, is certainly remarkable.

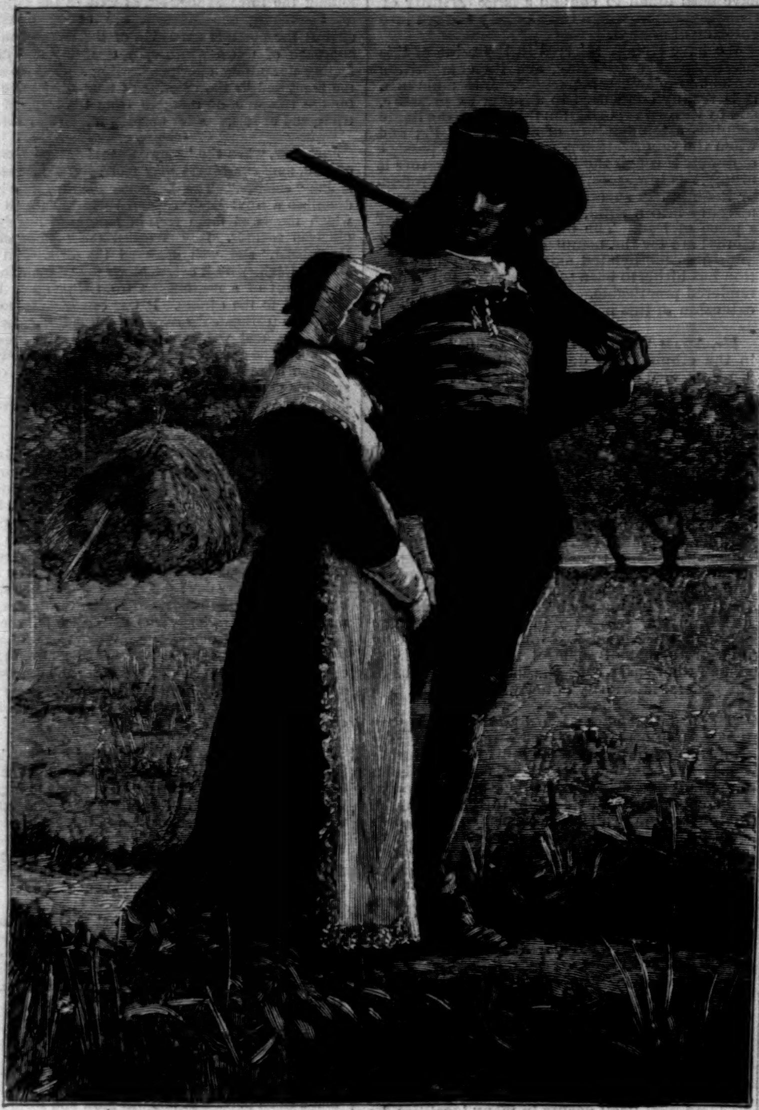
A method of artificially rearing sponges has been successfully employed on the coast of Dalmatia. Advantage has been taken of a well-known fact that certain zoophytes have such great powers of reproduction that a small portion of one will grow and form an entire new body. The process is to cut the sponge into pieces, fasten each portion to a pile, and immerse it in the sea. The pieces then grow, and eventually from each one a spherical sponge is obtained. According to estimates made, a small piece of sponge at the end of three years will represent a value of about ten cents. The total cost of raising 4000 sponges, including the interest on the expended capital for three years, is estimated at $45, and the income at about $80, leaving, therefore, a net profit of $35.

Leo XIII., the present Pope, enjoyed a high reputation for thorough and elegant scholarship while he was Cardinal Pecci; but it was not until recently that it was known he was a poet. Latterly, however, he has given proof of his poetical abilities, having written some verses which are both "thoroughly classical in expression and ecclesiastical in form."

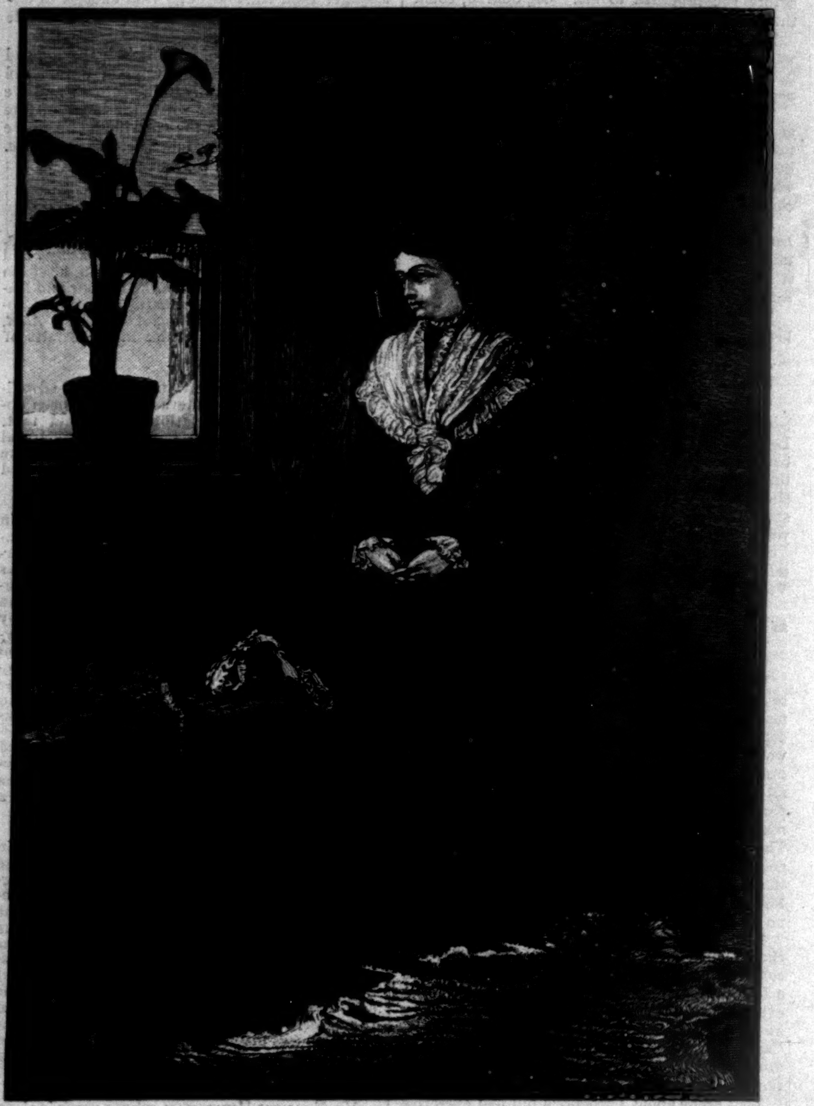
The house in London once occupied by Hogarth, the painter, still bears his name, and is a private dwelling-house, and the garden is tenanted by a florist. This garden includes about a quarter of an acre, and in it is a fine mulberry-tree planted by Hogarth himself. At the bottom of the garden stood till recently the workshop in which he used to ply his art, secluded and alone. Near the wall were formerly memorials in stones to his favorite cat, dog, and bull-finch. That over the dog was inscribed: "Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies;" and on that of the bird was, "Alas! poor Dick!" The memorial over the grave of the cat disappeared many years ago. The two memorials above mentioned remained upon the grounds till quite recently, it being in the agreement when the house was let that they should not be disturbed; but now they have been removed.

The loss of an eye is a cruel misfortune, but it indirectly made the fortune of Gambetta. When but a lad, while playing in a carpenter's shop, an apprentice whom he was teasing struck at him with a pointed stick, and inadvertently destroyed the sight of one eye. Had Gambetta retained the sight of both eyes he would have studied medicine, but after this accident it became necessary that he should prepare for a profession in which he would chiefly need to use his tongue. Thus partial blindness converted Gambetta into a barrister.

Soldiers and sailors of the late civil war, both from the North and the South, are notified that the "Sixth National Reunion of the Blue and Gray" will be held at Cambridge, Ohio, from August 26 to 29, 1879. These National Reunions seem to have had a most happy effect in softening the sectional feeling engendered by the war, and in strengthening those social ties upon which so largely depend the future prosperity of our nation. Arrangements have been made so that it is expected this Sixth Reunion will be of exceptional interest. Congress has recognized it as being of national importance by authorizing the Secretary of War to issue, free of cost, arms, ammunition, and artillery for salutes and sham battles, camp equipage, and tents to shelter the multitudes, and many of the most prominent generals of both armies and leading statesmen of the day have signified a determination to be present and participate in the grand jubilee. All branches of the service will be represented, delegations are expected from every State in the Union, and all railroads will grant excursion rates. Cambridge is regarded as a most favorable location for such a gathering; it is in close connection by rail with all parts of the country, contains ample hotel and boarding-house accommodations, and its beautiful groves and never-failing springs afford special advantages for "tenting."



"HER PROTECTOR."—CHARLES S. REINHART.



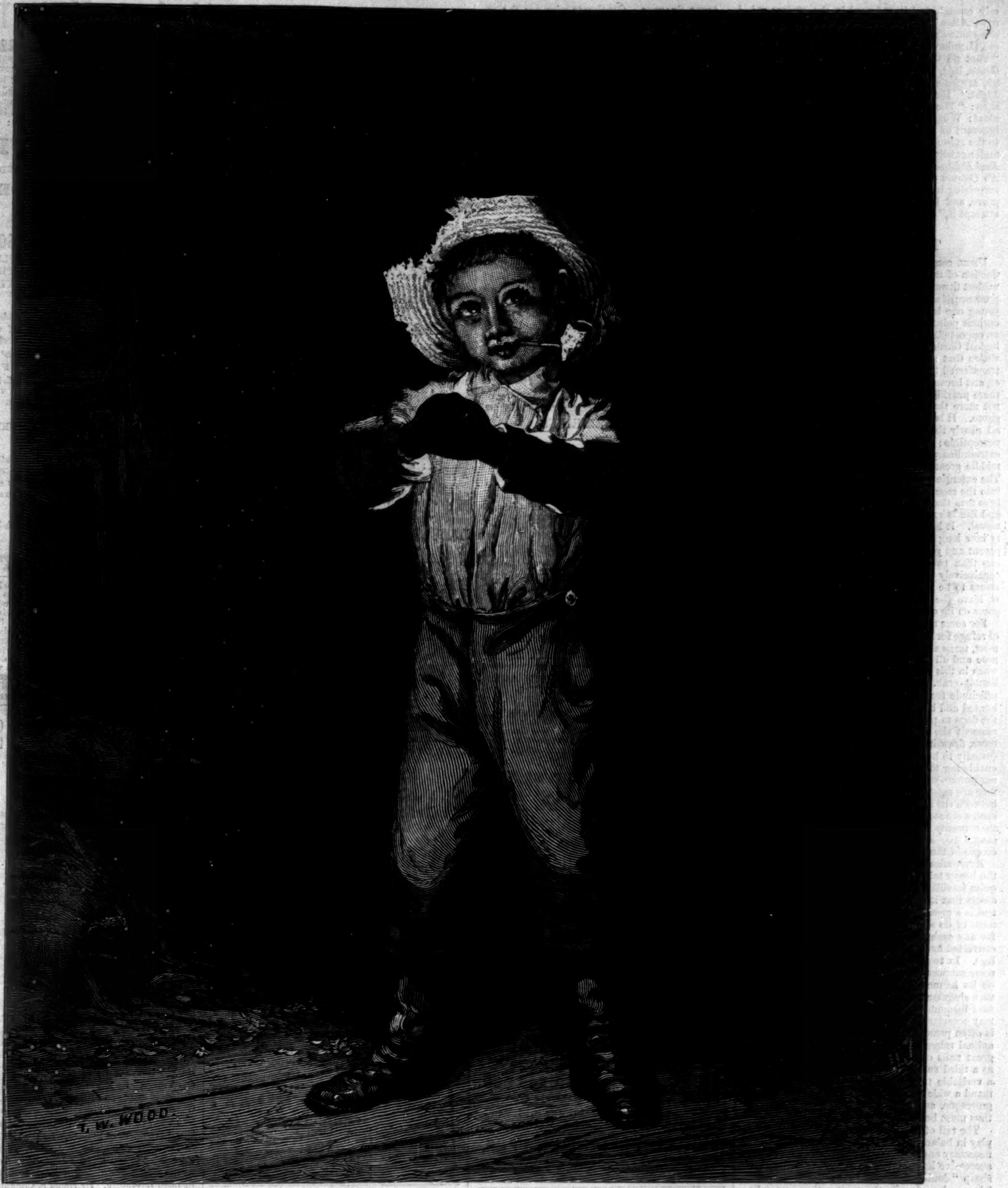
"WATCHING THE SNOW."—OLIVER J. LAY.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE fifty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened March 31, with a display of pictures exceedingly creditable to American artists. The number of works in the several rooms, including drawings, engravings, and a few pieces of sculpture, is 615; and while there are some paintings of exceptional merit, and some which ought not to have been admitted, the collection as a whole may be characterized as being above the average merit of such exhibitions. Doubtless a critic with a keen scent for faults and imperfections would find much to blame and much to object to in many pictures that delight the mass of visitors, who look more to sentiment and general effect than to points which engage the attention of professional writers on art. The former care but little for errors in perspective or in the drawing of a figure, provided these are not so marked as to attract notice at a passing glance. Their enjoyment is not marred by that "too much learning" which makes so many critics "mad;" and as they saunter slowly through the rooms, catalogue in hand, stopping before a beautiful landscape, an interesting portrait, or effectively wrought incident, taking a serene pleasure in what attracts them, they ought to be thankful for their exemption from the trials and tribulations that beset a mind determined to see the worst of every thing. If they have any misgivings as to the propriety of being pleased with pictures which one critic may condemn with all the force of the extensive vocabulary of censure and scorn which seems to be at the command of every intense writer on art, they may console themselves with the reflection that it will probably be as heartily commended by some equally able critic who regards it from another point of view. It is almost as difficult to forecast the verdict of a knot of art critics as it is that of a petit jury, which, according to a great lawyer, is one of those things which no fellow can guess beforehand.

The four pictures which we give as the first installment of selections from works in the exhibition are characteristic specimens of the talent and general style of Messrs. REINHART, LAY, BRICHER, and WOOD. Mr. REINHART goes back to old Puritan times in New England for his subject, which he treats in a broad, manly style; his picture, which hangs in the West Room, is vigorous in drawing and strong in color. This artist has already done much good work, and there is in all that he undertakes the promise of a high career. Mr. LAY's picture is refined in sentiment and color, and exceedingly graceful in composition. It will appeal to every one who has watched through the window of a warm and pleasant room the silent fall of the snow, catching all its beauty while sheltered from its chilling touch. Mr. BRICHER's marine composition is one of the best of his recent works. He has already taken a high position among the marine painters of America. Mr. WOOD's picture is a genuine bit of rustic nature, such as he delights in painting, and in which he excels. The lad has evidently made himself a rude corn-cob pipe, and stolen away into the shelter of the barn to enjoy the anticipated pleasure undisturbed. In the painting the lighted match, held between the urchin's hands, casts a ruddy glow upon his face, and heightens

"BENEATH WHITE HEAD, PORTLAND HARBOR."—A. T. BRICHER.



"HIS FIRST PIPE."—By T. W. Wood.

the arch expression of the eyes. Few of our artists equal Mr. Wood as a *genre* painter. There is a refined sense of humor in much that he does which is very attractive. These pictures will be followed by others, from time to time, while the exhibition remains open. We trust that no one who takes pleasure in art will miss the opportunity now afforded by the Academy to gratify that taste.

CAN ONE BLUSH IN THE DARK?

A German professor of the last century, Lichtenberg, believed that folks may become pale from fear in the dark, but said that "the question whether women can blush in the dark is a very difficult one." But Shakspeare did not see any difficulty in it when he made Juliet say to Romeo:

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night."
—*Act* II., *Scene* 2.

The modern scientists, however, are not satisfied with these old lights. Darwin says that Shakspeare has "erred" (*Expression of the Emotions*); and Hermentrude asks: "What is to hinder blushing in the dark, if there be no hinderance to thinking?" The answer is obvious: light is not necessary for the *action*, but it is for the *phenomenon*. But Hermentrude does more than ask this question, which she had a right to do; she distorts Shakspeare's meaning, which she had no right to do. Shakspeare clearly *says:* "There is no blush on my cheek, because of the darkness." Hermentrude would have him *mean:* "There *is* a blush on my cheek, but the darkness prevents your seeing it." Last of all, Mr. C. A. Ward, indorsing the opinion of the latter writer, says that she "has given the right answer," and boldly affirms that "there can be nothing to prevent blushing from taking place in the dark." Yet, notwithstanding all this, I venture to say that the poet is strictly correct—as, indeed, he generally is—in the literal meaning of his words, and the modern scientists utterly in the wrong. In this place Shakspeare designedly, as it seems to me, rejecting the ordinary phraseology based upon our early impressions, has taken pains to express himself with a scientific accuracy which we should rather have expected from Bacon himself, and seems, one would infer, to have had an intuition or prevision of the truth expounded three-quarters of a century later by Newton—*that color is not a quality belonging to or inherent in bodies, but is entirely dependent upon the light reflected from their surfaces.* Now what is a "blush?" First and last, it is a *color*. It may be defined as "the *redness* produced in the face by the determination of the blood to that part, as the effect of certain mental emotions." Thus in Latin "to blush" is *erubescere;* "to make one blush" is "alicui *ruborem* afferre;" in French it is *rougir;* and so on in other languages. Thus the Latin poet beautifully says:

"Ut solet aër
Purpurem fieri cum primum aurora movetur."

Burns sings:

"She gazed—she *reddened* like the rose,
Syne pale like onie lily."

And Crashaw, in his exquisite epigram on the miracle at Cana, which so far as it appealed to the eye certainly required *light* for its performance, has:

"Vidit et *erubuit* Nympha pudica Deum."

Hermentrude asks how darkness can affect "the sensation of blushing." But here I would remark, with deference to her, that this is not the question at all. We are talking of "blushing;" not the mere "subjective sensation," which, as Mr. Galton has admitted, is utterly deceptive, and which most certainly will not be accompanied by the objective phenomenon (the thing of which we are talking) unless there be present the requisite condition, light, the element through the instrumentality of which alone color exists and is perceived. Juliet was herself conscious of the "subjective sensation," but knew—or rather Shakspeare, imparting to his heroine by poetical license his own knowledge, makes her know—that her face was necessarily "unbepainted" because of the darkness. A flower may be said, as Gray has it, to "blush unseen"—waiving for a moment the Berkleian question as to whether existence even can be predicated of an object in the absence of a mind to perceive it—but it certainly can not be said to "blush in the dark." Neither can a human being; and to affirm the contrary is to assert the possibility of a rainbow after a nocturnal shower—always supposing the night to be moonless, and not to occur in those high polar regions where the sun shines on through the twenty-four hours.

The scientific principle involved in this question was a greater novelty a couple of hundred years ago than it ought to be now; and we properly enough find it enforced in the curious volume, *Athenian Sport; or, Two Thousand Paradoxes merrily Argued to Amuse and Divert the Age*, etc. (London, 1707, 8vo), where "Paradox II." is, "That no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c., only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light." Here we read what is applicable now as then: "The Knowledge of Men is never compleat: What they know in one manner they are ignorant of in another. Nothing is so manifest to the sense as *Colour;* nothing so obscure to the understanding, which doubts whether it hath a *Real Existence*, &c.... So that this Paradox (that *No Colours are Real*, &c.), however strange and surprising it looks, is what no Man can ever disprove, and I scarce think our *Virtuosi* will ever attempt it," etc.

THE KANGAROO.

Until comparatively lately the mode of reproduction of the kangaroo was not known, and the wildest theories were advanced to account for the presence of a blind and most imperfectly developed young one in the pouch. Anxious to settle this curious point, Professor Owen availed himself of an opportunity of studying the subject in the Zoological Gardens, and made the remarkable observation that when the young one was born it was transferred to the pouch by the lips of the mother, and became firmly fixed to the mammary gland, there provided for it. When born, the young is not more than an inch long in the largest kangaroo. It is blind and hairless, and the legs are all nearly the same length. The nails are just perceptible; but there is nothing to indicate the extraordinary development of the hind-legs and middle great toe so characteristic of the adult. The extension of the mammary gland enters far into the mouth of the young, and the attachment is so firm that it is separated only by much force, and life is extinct in a very short time after removal. It has not been ascertained with certainty how long this close relationship between the parent and young subsists, but it is probably not less than two months; and it has been proved conclusively that the mother's nourishment continues to be sought long after the young is free to leave the pouch, and has begun feeding on grass on its own account.

For some months at least the pouch is the place of refuge for the young, which enters it head-foremost, turns a complete somersault, and brings the nose and all the toes in a bunch to the opening, when in this position reminding one forcibly of a hermit-crab. The mother evinces the utmost solicitude for the safety of her young, and when hunted and burdened with her charge will allow the dogs to press her very closely; but at the last moment she will seize the young with her fore-paws, draw it from the pouch, and throw it aside (usually to be killed at once by her pursuers), to enable her to gain a place of refuge. The leaping powers of the great kangaroo when in full career are most remarkable. A series of intervals between the impressions of the hind-feet on damp sand were measured, and gave an average of more than twenty feet for the stride, and in this instance the kangaroo went clear away from a couple of the best dogs.

Much misapprehension exists as to the use of the heavy tail; and even colonists, who must be quite familiar with the animals, will persistently assert that it is used as an organ of progression, and is a great help in the leap. By the arrangement of its muscles the tail is, however, unfitted for any such purpose, and could not possibly be converted into a lever to act in concert with the legs. In two positions the tail appears to lend some support; that is, when the animal is sitting on its haunches, and when feeding; and in one very singular position the tail becomes an important instrument in supporting the body, which may occasionally be observed in confinement, but is often presented to the kangaroo-stalker. The animal raises itself on the extreme ends of the great nails on the hind-feet, and stiffens its tail as a third support, when it is seen to stand upon a veritable tripod, and is thus enabled to command a wide field of view. The attitude is most grotesque, and some individuals when standing thus must be nearly seven feet high.

The tail of this curious animal also comes into play in balancing the body and bringing it to the necessary angle for the point of departure of each successive leap, and it no doubt facilitates those sharp "doubles" by which the kangaroo astonishes and confounds the most active dogs. The fore limbs differ immensely from the hinder. The "hand" has five digits armed with strong nails, which in old specimens grow to a length of four or five inches, and frequently assume spiral forms, or bend round to their base. This is more observable in confined than wild animals, the latter keeping down the growth by resting on them while feeding, and by more frequent use. The digits appear to be capable of being brought into opposition to each other to some extent, for parasites are captured and many other actions performed with ease. Kangaroos swim well; and on one occasion the writer saw a female crossing a small creek with a young one, which she held between her fore-limbs with its head just above water; and on landing close to the observer's place of concealment she placed it on the ground and it plunged into the pouch.

The smaller species of kangaroo are as much nocturnal as diurnal, and may be seen in open forest land in numbers on moonlight nights. They are conscious of the security afforded them by darkness, for they will dash across a clearing and stop just within cover of a scrub or thick bush, and allow one to approach within a few feet without moving away. If a stone is thrown into the place where they were heard to stop, they dash off, and it is perceived at once how near they were; while in daylight it might not have been possible to come within a hundred yards of them.

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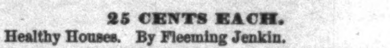

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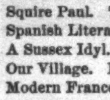

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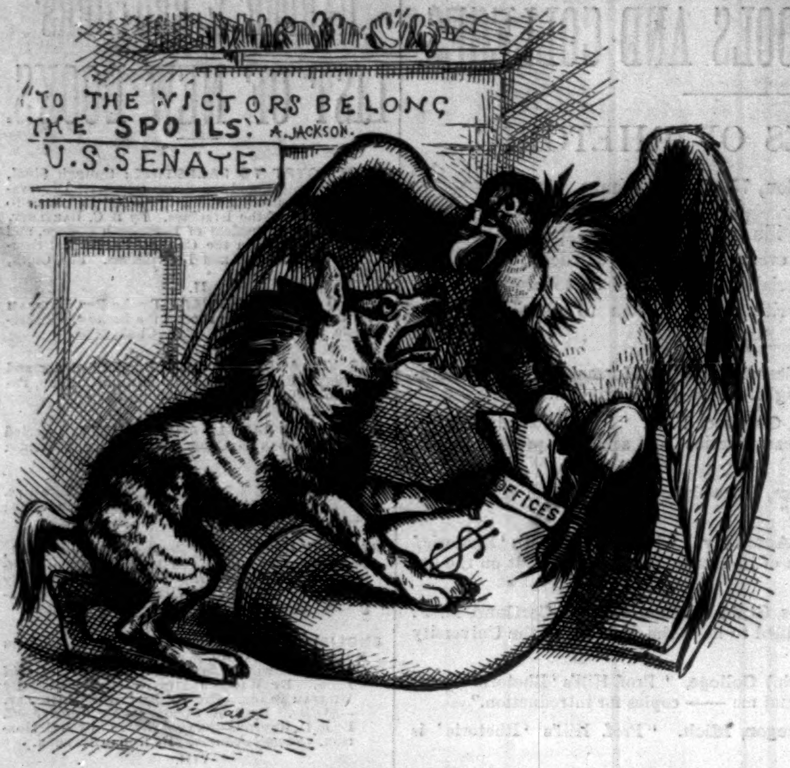
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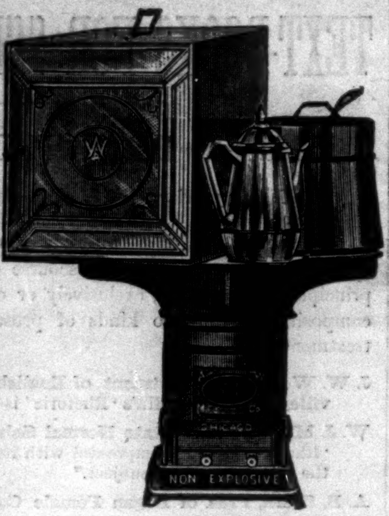

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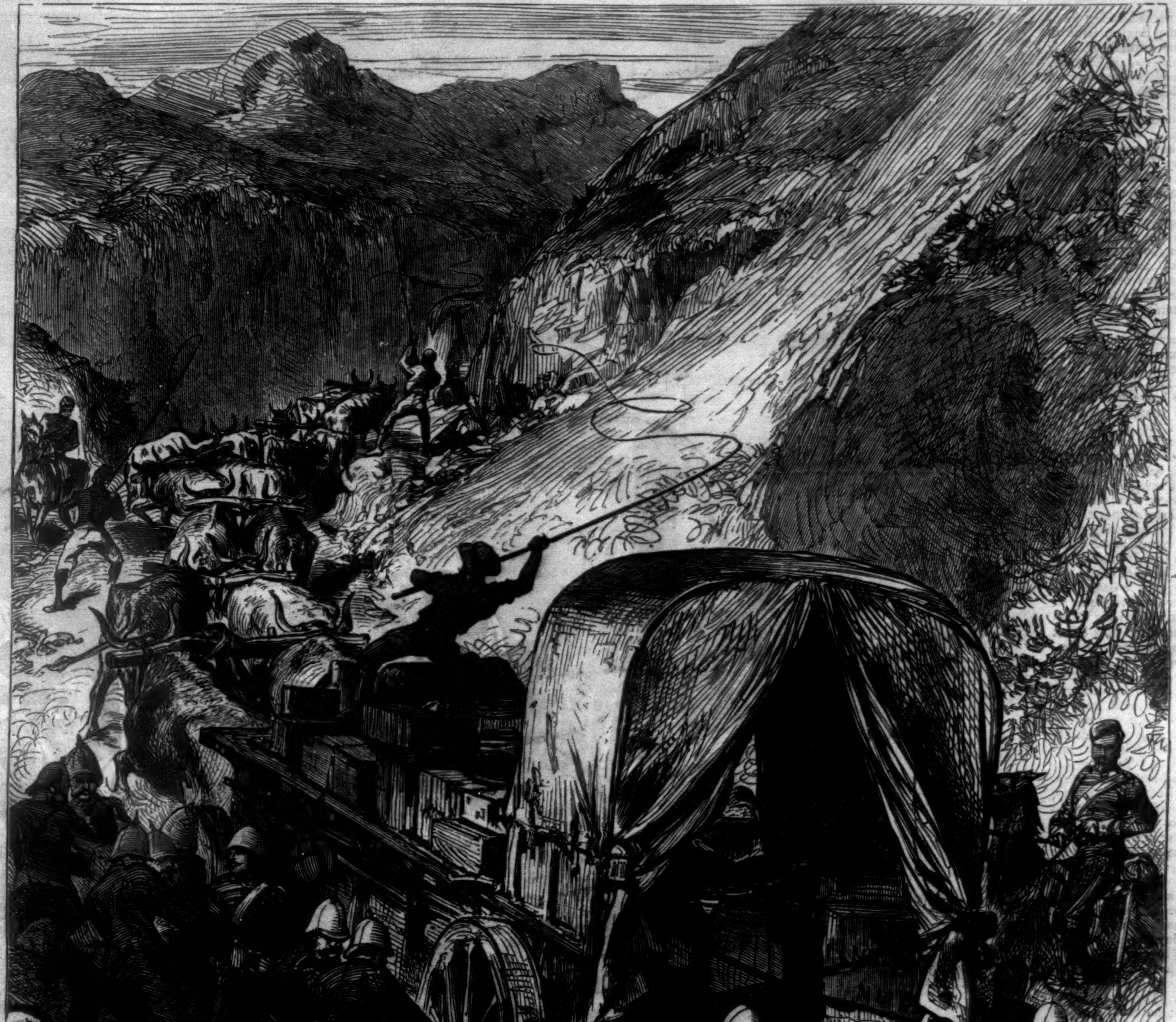


THE ZULU WAR—NATAL MOUNTED POLICE, UNDER MAJOR DARTNELL, ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

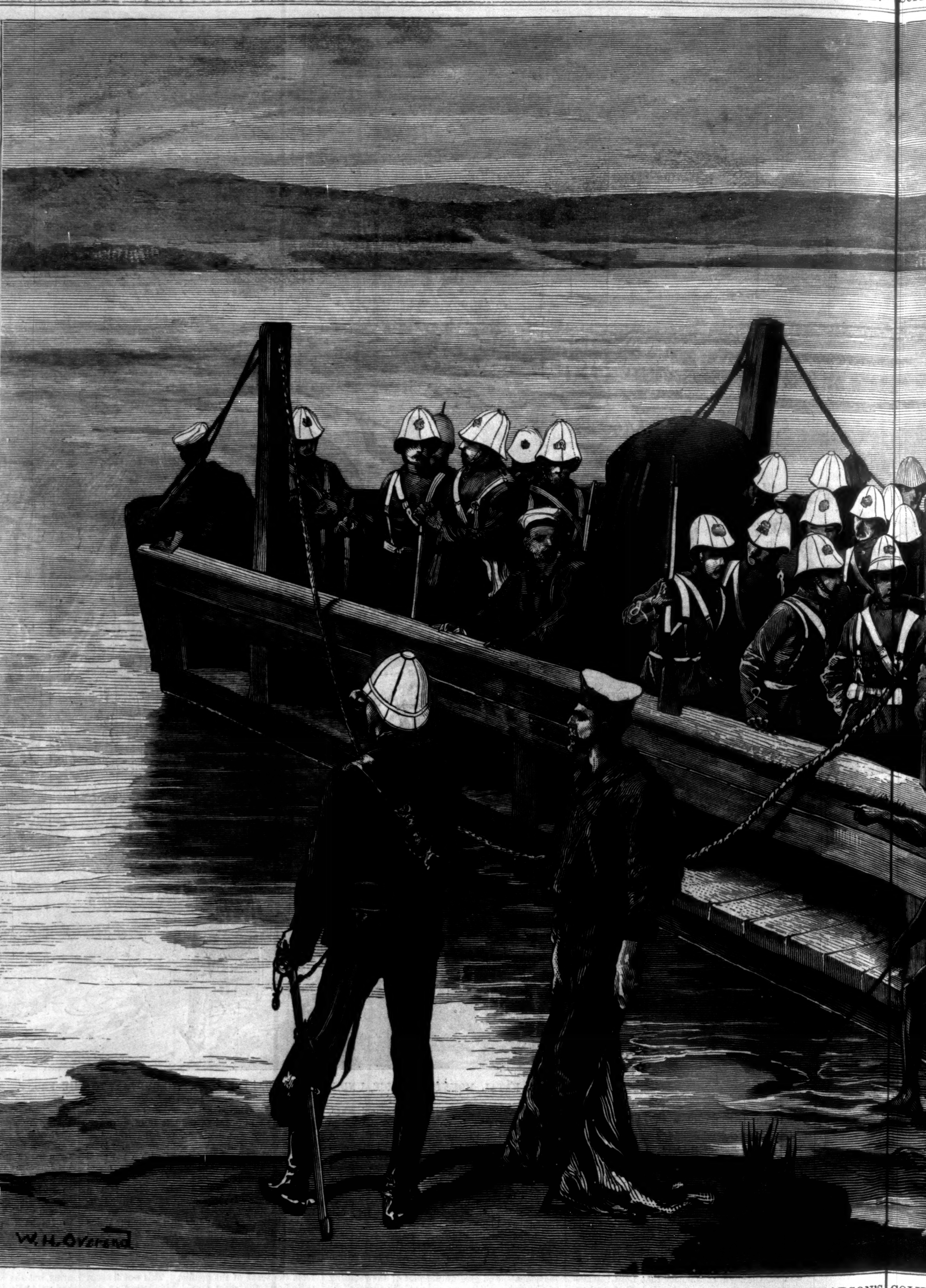
WITH THE ENGLISH IN ZULULAND.

The above engraving, like those in our Supplement of last week, relates to an event immediately connected with the terrible massacre at Isandula, the horrors of which are still thrilling through the unhappy country which furnished the victims of the slaughter. Had it not been for the reconnoissance made by Major Dartnell, and the movements based upon the reports forwarded by him of the whereabouts of the Zulu forces, it is probable that Lord Chelmsford's unfortunate abandonment of the camp would not have taken place, and the late terrific disaster to the English arms might have been averted. It was on the 20th of January that Lord Chelmsford quitted the camp at Rourke's Drift and accompanied one of the columns on its march into the enemy's country. The camp at Isandula was established on the same day, but Lord Chelmsford pushed forward in order to reconnoitre the Zulu stronghold in the Ndhlazakazi Mountains, returning to the camp in the evening. The reconnoissance was not completed, and in consequence two separate parties, under the command respectively of Major Dartnell and Commandant Lonsdale, were ordered to move out on the following day and bring back a full description of the position. Both these parties found evidence of the enemy's presence in force sufficient to prevent their completing their reconnoissance, and Major Dartnell, on the 21st, sent back to Lord Chelmsford requesting a re-enforcement of British troops. It was not considered expedient to comply with this request, but early in the morning of the 22d Lord Chelmsford himself moved forward from the camp at Isandula, accompanied by the greater part of the force, and leaving only a small body of troops in charge of the camp, which was to be re-enforced by 500 native troops under Colonel Durnford.

As the details of the shocking occurrence which resulted from this practical abandonment of the camp at Isandula have already been given, we shall in this article follow Lord Chelmsford's movements, and give an account of the retaking of the camp, which was successfully accomplished by the commander-in-chief on the very evening of the massacre. The troops that were to re-enforce Major Dartnell left the camp at early dawn, and before the day was well advanced had reached the top of the Ndhlazakazi range, and were in communication with the reconnoitring party. The fighting done by the combined forces was inconsiderable, for although the Zulus occupied positions that seemed impregnable, they showed a willingness to surrender them that ought properly to have excited suspicion. During the day Lord Chelmsford, or rather Colonel Glyn, received a note from Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, in charge of the camp, to the effect that firing was heard to the left front. No further message was, however, received from Colonel Pulleine, and nothing could be seen by looking from the top of a high hill with a powerful telescope toward Isandula, which was about twelve miles distant. So Lord Chelmsford spent the day in examining the country and choosing a site for a new advanced camp, after a little skirmishing with a detached party of the enemy.

It will be seen from this that while the Zulus were busily engaged in slaughtering the English at Isandula and attacking the garrison at Rourke's Drift, Lord Chelmsford, with the main portion of the 3d column, was in reality but a few hours' ride from the scene of the conflict. This would seem to indicate the most stupid blundering on the part of the commander-in-chief, and indeed it is difficult to follow the record of this day's proceedings without being amazed to find how easily the hero of so many of England's colonial wars was outmanœuvred by the leader of the Zulu forces. Some excuse must be made for Lord Chelmsford, however, when we consider the nature of the country in this part of Zululand, and the fact that the plans of the Zulus were laid and executed with the most marvellous dispatch, after having ascertained the proposed movements of the English by a most adroit system of espionage. There is not in the whole of South Africa a more desperately torn and rugged region than that lying around, and especially to the southwest of, the mountain range which Major Dartnell had undertaken to reconnoitre. In moving from the camp at Isandula, Lord Chelmsford and his forces would skirt this wild and broken district, keeping it upon the right as they advanced to their furthest point of reconnoissance, and keeping themselves upon the comparatively open ground which extends in green undulating slopes to Intaba 'Nkulu and the well-known Isikala Sengonyama, or Lion Pass, leading over to the Pongolo River. It was here, amid this jagged and precipitous country, abounding in scrub, and capable of concealing not only the whole Zulu army, but the whole Zulu nation, that Cetywayo had evidently thrown out an enormously strong body of his warriors. From these deep recesses they seem to have watched closely, and dogged, at a distance, every movement of the English.

The Zulus were evidently at first of the opinion that their enemies intended to march upon Ulundi, the royal kraal, and were bent upon reaching it by way of the wagon track, which, passing immediately under and to the east of the Inhlazatya Mountain, runs directly down thence to the Amathlabatini plains. It was upon this wagon track that Lord Chelmsford and his force were moving, more or less, all the day of the 21st of January, and well might the Zulus be massing them-



THE ZULU WAR—COLONEL PEARSON'S COLU

selves in overwhelming numbers on the English flank to defend the capital of their country. No sooner, however, did their leaders become aware that the English had no intention of making an attack, than with rapid change of plans large forces were detached and sent on toward Isandula. The crafty Zulus had calculated well that they would be able to reach the camp and demolish it before the reconnoitring parties could return. Thus was the English commander outgeneraled by Zulu military skill, and one of England's best and bravest regiments butchered with scarcely an opportunity of defending itself.

The story of Lord **Chelmsford**'s return to Isandula, and the manner in which he learned of the fate that had overtaken the brave men left to guard the camp, is calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate commander whose military skill had been so terribly eclipsed by savage strategists. The discovery was made by Commandant **Lonsdale**, who, when the reconnoitring party started to return to the camp at three in the afternoon, rode forward in advance of the column. He had crossed the small water-wash to the south of the camp, when his attention was attracted by a bullet passing rather near to him, and on looking up he saw a black man, who had evidently just fired. The real truth was far from his mind, and he merely thought it was one of his own contingent carelessly firing off his rifle, and pursued his way. To some extent the incident seems fortunately to have woke him up, and, although he saw what seemed to be English redcoats sitting in groups in and around the tents, he kept his eyes open, and when absolutely within ten yards of the tents he saw a great black Zulu come out of one with a bloody assegai in his hand. This made him look about him more closely, and he saw that black men, and black men only, were the wearers of red coats. The truth flashed upon him; he could read the scowl of hatred on every face, but his self-possession does not seem to have failed him, for, quietly turning his pony round, he galloped off before the enemy were aware of his intention. A hundred and fifty shots are said to have been fired behind him, but fortunately he was able to escape and carry the news back to the advancing column. A writer who was present at the moment when he communicated his fearful tidings to Lord **Chelmsford** tells us: "It is little exaggeration to say that those who heard him tell the general, 'The camp is in the possession of the enemy, Sir!' will not soon forget it."

In a short time it was known to every man in the ranks that something unusual had happened. Messengers were observed to be flying in different directions, and the order of march was changed. When about three miles from the camp, Lord **Chelmsford** ordered the troops to halt in a water-course which concealed their advance from those holding the camp. This measure was considered necessary, as time must be given to Colonel **Glyn**, who had remained behind, to bring up the remainder of the troops. Those in advance were thus compelled to wait patiently for the arrival of the supports. Meantime orders had been given to send pickets forward to ascertain what was going on, and the contradictory reports they brought in added to the general uncertainty. An hour and a half passed in this way, when the general ordered Colonel **Russell** to go forward with the mounted infantry and ascertain the real facts beyond a doubt. He did so, and in a short half hour returned. Matters were as bad to the full as represented. The entire camp was swarming with Zulus, like a disturbed ant-hill with ants. Many of the tents were burning, and the numbers estimated as holding the road to Natal were put down as at least 7000 men.

In such circumstances there appeared but one thing to be done—that was to await the arrival of the supports, and then advance upon the enemy. This course was finally decided upon by Lord **Chelmsford** and his advisers. Tardily, then, as it seemed to the waiting men, Colonel **Glyn**, the 1st battalion of the 24th Regiment, the guns, the police, and the 2d battalion of the 3d Natal Native Contingent, made their appearance. As soon as they had come Lord **Chelmsford** addressed the troops, telling them that the camp had been taken in their absence, that the enemy held it in great force, and that he depended upon them to retake it and re-open communications with Natal. His speech, short and pithy, was received with cheers, and there could be no doubt that the men realized the position, and were determined to conquer or share the fate of their massacred companions. The order of battle was as follows: The wings consisted of the mounted corps, a sufficient number being detailed for advanced-guard and escort duties; next there came two battalions of the Native Contingent, one on each side, and each keeping dressing with three companies of the 2d battalion of the 24th, which guarded the guns in the centre; in front of the guns was Lord **Chelmsford** and those immediately with him.

In this order the advance was made, daylight dying away more and more rapidly, until, when the water-wash south of the camp was crossed, it was as dark as it ever becomes during the night in Zululand. The action that followed would have been considered brilliant had it not been for the terrible disaster which had rendered the attack necessary. A f w English an intrenched position against a horde of Zulus; yet so reat is the by the earlier events f the day calls neither for enth iasm nor To describe the action hat follo of the small stream t at runs t camp, we quote from the corres London *Times*, who fo owed the **Chelmsford** throughou this eve

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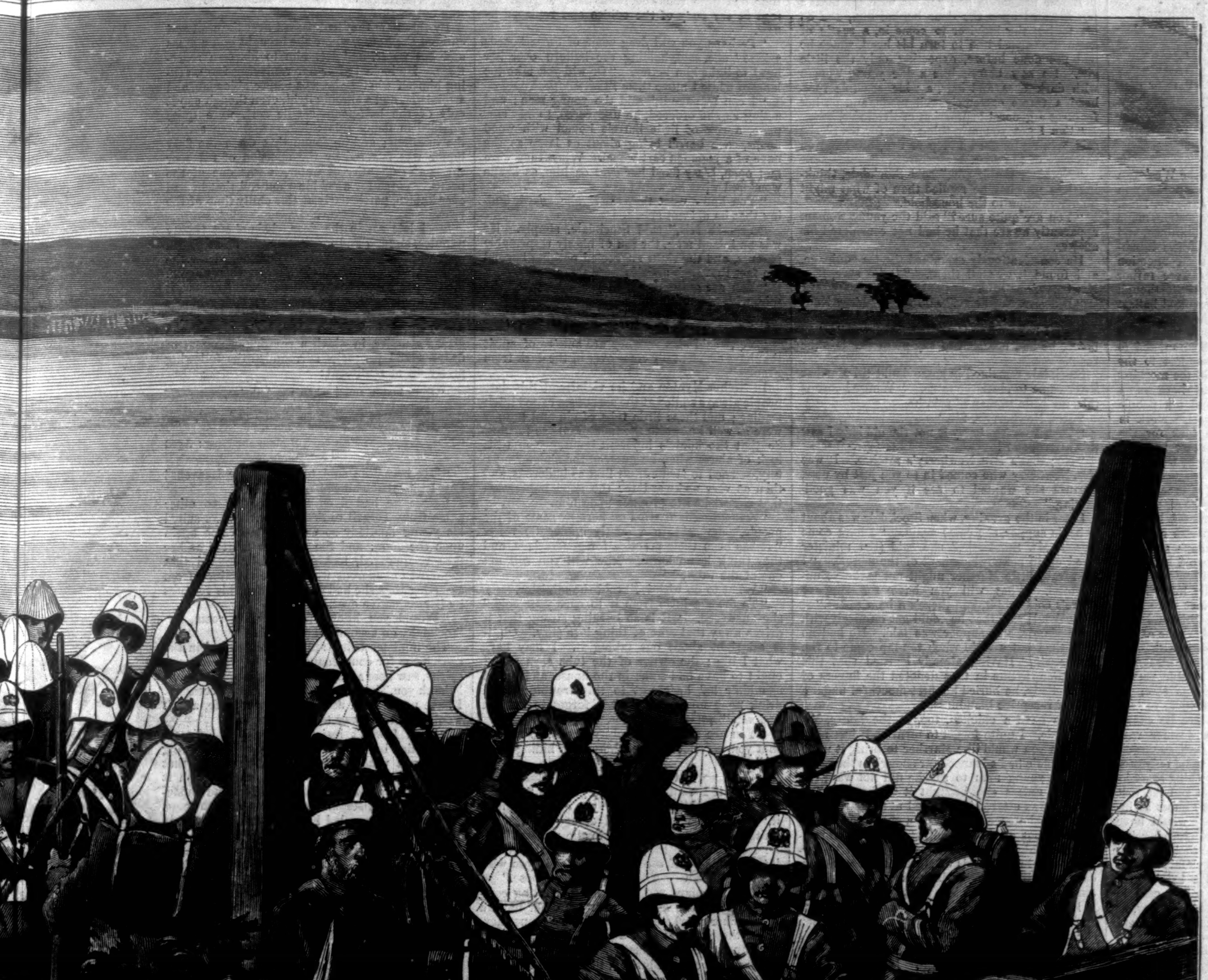

COLUMN CROSSING THE TUGELA RIVER.

w English troops carried
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passage had been made, the left wing was ordered to advance and take the small hill on the left (true right) of the neck where the road passes the Isandula. In saying 'the left wing,' I only mean the white infantry under Major **Black**. He ordered them to fire one volley, and then take the hill with the bayonet, and, considering the circumstances and position, one can only feel thankful that there was no necessity for either one or the other. However, they disappeared in the darkness, and the advance continued. A few moments after, however, the voice of the general was heard ordering the guns to come into action, and the rumble of the carriages sounded for a second above the dull noise of the advancing infantry, then silence for a few seconds, followed by No. 1 gun fire, and the bright flash and roar of the seven-pounder. The shells were principally directed toward the neck in front, where many wagons were standing, and it was most likely the enemy were going to hold. Still, however, with the exception of a couple of fires, evidently signals, there was nothing to be seen of the enemy. The guns fired a few shells, limbered up, and another advance was made, when the three companies of the 2d battalion of the 24th, who were in support on the right (true left), were ordered to fire a few shots, with the object of drawing the enemy's fire. Then the guns fired several more rounds, with the most beautiful effect from an artistic point of view, but none whatever as far as discovering the position of the enemy was concerned; and then suddenly through the darkness we heard the 24th cheering away to our left, and knew they had taken the hill, which was the key of the position. Cheers were taken up all along the line, and had the Zulu nation only heard them, and known, as we did, that they were the cheers of a handful of English troops, who had lost full half their number, besides every thing they possessed, and who believed themselves to be advancing against an enemy, in a very strong position, ten times numerically stronger than themselves, and in the dark, I fancy they would have understood that they had very considerably undervalued our 'foot men,' as they contemptuously call them. After the cheer there was no more firing, but a steady advance to the neck, which we took possession of without resistance about 9 p.m."

No adequate description can be given of the horrors that presented themselves when the victorious troops entered the camp. On all sides lay the bodies of their comrades, whom they had left in health and spirits on the morning of the same day. Oxen lay dead in their yokes, horses which had been shot and the débris from plundered wagons strewed the ground. During the fearful night that followed, while the men bivouacked upon the very scene of the late slaughter, the return of the enemy was constantly expected. They knew that in their rear there was a large force of the enemy; the army that had destroyed the camp was still on their right flank, and in front they could see the flames rising from the dépôt at Rourke's Drift, where in a large building formerly used as a church a great mass of their provisions was stored.

No one could have anticipated that the Zulus would not follow up the advantage they had gained. Fortunately, however, the military talent that had so successfully outmanœuvred Lord **Chelmsford** did not suggest to the Zulus that now of all times was the moment to push on to victory, and even invade Natal itself. When the morning dawned the column got under way, and marched steadily forward to Rourke's Drift, the smoke of the burning building serving to point the way. As the troops neared the Buffalo River, men could be seen manning the walls of an old ruin next to the building used as a commissariat store, some of them waving coats and other garments as a welcome. Colonel **Russell**, with the mounted infantry, was ordered to ford the river, and go straight up to them. The hearty cheers with which he was received, as well as the fact of the pont ropes being uncut, proved that the Zulus had not entirely had it all their own way. The troops were not long in crossing the river, in their anxiety to learn particulars. Here at least was some compensation for the events of the dreadful day that was past. As soon as the unfortunate commander-in-chief came up, the men greeted him with a round of cheers. Lord **Chelmsford**, still overwhelmed by the memory of the scene he had just quitted, responded with a few brief but heart-felt words: "Thank you all very much for your very gallant defense." And a gallant defense it had been. The little garrison of eighty men, reduced to seventy by sickness, had beaten off 3000 Zulus, flushed with their recent success at Isandula. They had been attacked in overwhelming numbers about 3 p.m. on the 22d, and had only had half an hour's warning during which to make what preparations were possible for defending an extremely weak position. Fortunately there were plenty of sacks of maize in the commissariat store, and temporary fortifications were rapidly constructed with them. The attack lasted till about four o'clock the next morning, when the enemy retired, leaving 500 dead behind.

So much space has been given to the record of the experiences of the column under Lord **Chelmsford** on the occasion of the terrible 22d of January, that we can devote but a few lines to our double-page engraving, which shows the manner in which the column under Colonel **Pearson** was conveyed across the Tugela. The river at this point is of great width and depth, and at this season, being in heavy flood, is a swollen and rushing stream of extraordinary force and rapidity. It is mentioned by Lord **Chelmsford** in one of his dispatches that an anchor with hawser attached to it was, on the night of the 9th, torn up from the bottom of the river, and was carried away down stream, and fixed in the opposite bank so firmly as to require 500 men to haul it back. This part of the Lower Tugela is distant above ninety miles from Rourke's Drift, on the Buffalo.